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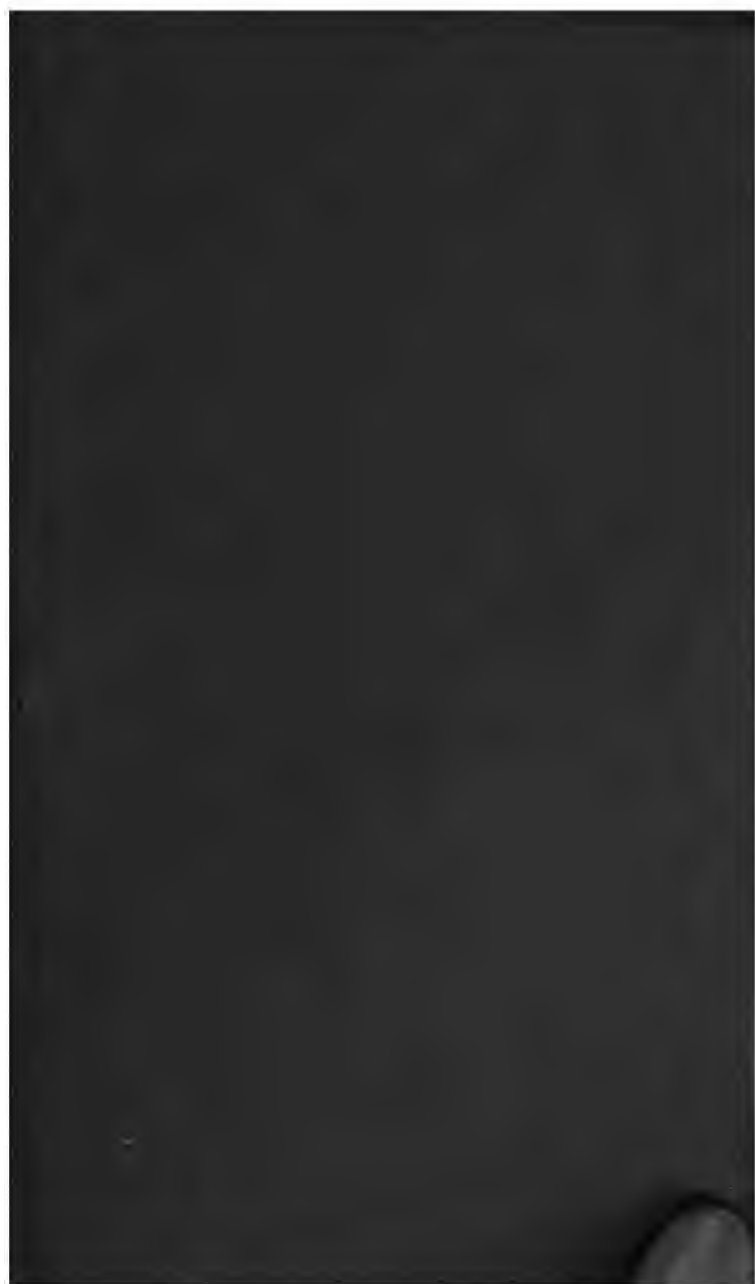
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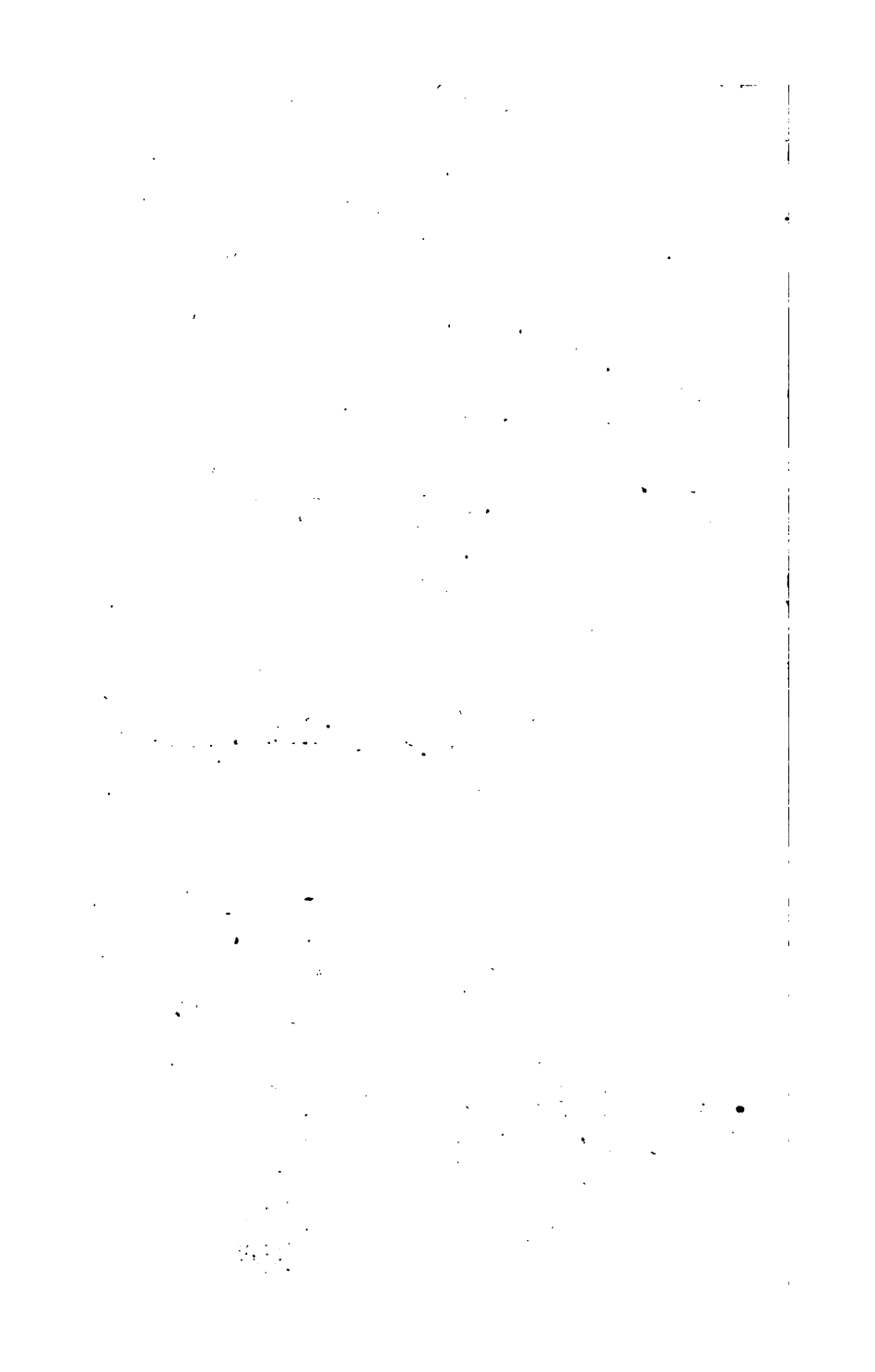




CHARACTERISTIC INCIDENTS;

OR, THE

History of the Rockinghams.



PARENTAL CARE
PRODUCING PRACTICAL VIRTUE;
OR,
Youthful Errors conquered by Judicious Advice.

CHARACTERISTIC INCIDENTS,
DRAWN FROM REAL LIFE;
OR, THE
History of the Rockinghams:
INTERSPERSED
WITH A DESCRIPTION
OF
THE INHABITANTS OF RUSSIA;
AND A VARIETY OF
Interesting Anecdotes
OF
PETER THE GREAT.

BY
MRS. PILKINGTON,
AUTHOR OF THE ILL-FATED MARINER,
&c. &c.



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CHARACTERISTIC INCIDENTS;

OR THE

History of the Rockinghams.

Humanity, Thou sweet sustaining power,
Whose influence sooths affliction's darkest hour,
Thy balmy aid revives the mourner's breast,
And hushes sorrow into peace and rest.

THIS concise description of the power of humanity was completely exemplified in the conduct of a gentleman, whose name was Rockingham, for though his fortune could not be considered large, yet his benevolence was

so unbounded, that real poverty was unknown within six miles of his estate. At an expense comparatively *small*, he erected schools of industry, the youthful members of which, were supported from their own exertions, for as each of these schools was established in a populous neighbourhood, the surrounding gentlemen's families made a point of supplying the girls with needlework. The boys were not only taught reading and writing, but were instructed in the art of weaving and carding wool, and all the lower class of people scarcely purchased a pair of stockings, but from the Rockingham schools.

In the girls' schools though there was not a manufactory, yet there were a variety of shops for every different kind of *ready-made goods*; and twice in the year Mr. Rockingham went to London, for the purpose of purchasing materials at the cheapest rate they could be

bought. He kept a regular account of the money he expended, which was repaid him according to the sale of the different articles ; fifty pounds a year the worthy establisher of this useful foundation, allowed for the dinner of the youthful members of each seminary, but the children *breakfasted* before they came, *supped* after they went home.

The worthy, and universally respected Mr. Rockingham, was the father, of four children, with whose different dispositions my young readers will become acquainted in the course of the ensuing narrative. At the commencement of it, George the elder, had just completed his sixteenth year ; his sister was about fifteen months younger, but Henry and Louisa were scarcely twelve. The attachment which subsisted between the two latter, who, from the similarity of their age, my young readers will naturally conclude to have been *twins*, was

so completely striking, that they were patterns to all the children in the neighbourhood.

Mr. Rockingham was chief preceptor to his sons; and Mrs. Rockingham superintended the education of her daughters; though a young lady, of the name of Hazlemere, resided in the family, as *nominal governess*; for upon the death of her father, who had expended a large fortune, she was reduced from an *affluent* to a *dependant situation*; and from motives of humanity rather than from a want of assistance, Mrs. Rockingham offered her an asylum in her family. Poor Miss Haslemere gratefully accepted the proposal, though aware that she was not qualified for the important office of a governess, for both her parents had been too fond of pleasure to pay much attention to her education. Without understanding the groundwork of music, she could play upon the

piano; without any grammatical knowledge of the French language, she was *said to speak French*; but aided by the friendly instructions of Mrs. Rockingham, in *teaching others*, she *soon improved herself*. This young lady became an inhabitant of Mrs. Rockingham's family when Louisa was about eight years of age, and all the children were taught to treat her with a mixture of affection, respect, and esteem.

Though, from the earliest dawn of reason, these children had the brightest examples of piety and morality set before them, yet in the disposition of the two elder, Mr. and Mrs. Rockingham discovered traits that gave them much uneasiness. George, though endowed by nature with an excellent understanding, possessed an inflexibility of temper that alike resisted *force and persuasion*, and he frequently displayed symptoms of self-importance, which he seemed to

derive from knowing he was heir to an estate that must render him independant. Matilda's failings were those to which handsome children are too liable; namely, those of *pride* and *vanity*; for at an early age they have not sense enough to discover that the amiable part of the world are never biassed by a *pretty face*; and though the weak and unenlightened, may be struck by an external appearance, the judicious and *well-principled*, only admire *goodness of heart*; but unfortunately she likewise wanted feeling, which time seldom conquers. Mr. Rockingham might justly be compared to Pope's celebrated Man of Ross; for with a fortune of about twelve hundred a year, he performed more real acts of benevolence, than many gentlemen with five times that sum. Yet he could not have enjoyed the satisfaction which arises from benignity, had he thought the liberality

of his conduct would prove injurious to his family ; but by farming his own estate, and studiously attending to all his expenses, instead of exceeding his income, he annually *reserved a part*. Mr. Rockingham's estate adjoined the rectory, in which the curate of the parish resided, and finding the superintendence of his land, united to overlooking his benevolent institutions, occupied the greater part of the morning, he solicited Mr. Turner (which was the name of the curate) to aid him in the instruction of the boys.

George would frequently express his astonishment to Mr. Turner, that his father should derive *pleasure* from the institution he had established ; and when invited to accompany him to these benevolent seminaries, generally contrived to make some frivolous excuse. Matilda's sentiments coincided with those of her brother, and she would

often say to him, "Had my father endowed schools for decayed GENTLEMEN'S *children*, I should have had a pleasure in visiting them ; but it is really degrading to associate with a parcel of peasants ; and do you not think, George, that my papa and mama put themselves upon a level with such common herd."

Such sentiments Matilda had often expressed to her brother, and he had always coincided with them, but fortunately, I may say, one morning they were accidentally overheard by Mr. Rockingham. To describe the sensations which that worthy man, and truly attached parent, experienced, at unexpectedly discovering the *false pride* which swelled the bosoms of his children is totally impossible ; and he hesitated, for a length of time, in what manner to act. Mr. Rockingham's seat was about four miles distant from the populous mercantile town of L—— in which

there is a charitable establishment for decayed merchants. Through the interest of some friends, a gentleman, whom I shall distinguish by the name of Mr. *Edwards*, obtained admission into a charity which was intended for the *deserving* and *unfortunate*; yet so ungrateful was his conduct, and so licentious his manners after obtaining admission into this comfortable asylum, that a meeting of the trustees of the charity was convened for the purpose of discarding him.

On the day previous to the intended meeting, Mr. *Edwards* met with an accident which threatened the most serious consequences; for returning from a tavern which he frequented, in a state of intoxication, he fell down and fractured his leg. The bone was broken in so terrible a manner, that there was no possibility of setting it, and the surgeons declared that the only chance

of preserving his existence, depended upon amputating the limb.

“I would submit to have every limb separated from my body, provided my *life* could be *preserved* even for a few *days*,” exclaimed the penitent Mr. Edwards, fervently grasping the surgeon’s hand, “for I have abused the merciful kindness of my *Redeemer*, and I only wish for lengthened existence to make atonement for my sins.”

Mr. Rockingham received this account of the wretched man’s situation from the surgeon who attended him, at the very moment he was reflecting on the most judicious manner of checking the *false impressions* of *pride* in his son and daughter; and the idea instantly struck him of taking them both to see the *dying penitent*. Without explaining his motive, he informed them he had ordered their horses to be saddled, or so truly indulgent was this amiable

father that he had purchased two little Shetland ponies solely for the use of his children. In the course of their ride, he turned his conversation to the charitable institution in which Mr. Edwards had found an asylum; "I have often wished to see the inside of their houses, papa," said Matilda, "and, indeed, I should like to become acquainted with the inhabitants, for I hear they are all *real gentlemen*." "And so should I, papa," exclaimed George, "for *decayed GENTLEMEN*, no person need be *ashamed* of associating with."

"If a *decayed gentleman*, George, is a man of *virtue* and *integrity*, his situation entitles him to an *additional* portion of respect;" replied Mr. Rockingham, "but if he is destitute of those qualities, the master of *my charity* school has a much greater claim upon your esteem; for had I not known him to be a man who would have done

honour to a more exalted situation, I should never have intrusted him with the care of youth."

Neither George nor his sister made any reply to the just praise bestowed upon Mr. Milford's character, and in less than a quarter of an hour the party were in sight of Mr. Edwards's habitation. "You expressed a wish, Matilda," said Mr. Rockingham, "of seeing some of the inhabitants of that charitable institution;" pointing to the Asylum for decayed Merchants.

"Oh, I should like it of *all things*, *papa*," exclaimed both George and Matilda. "Well, as I have just heard," continued Mr. R. "a gentleman of the name of Edwards has broken his leg, I think it will be a mark of civility to call and inquire after his health." As Mr. Rockingham made this observation, he rang at an iron gate, which was placed in the centre of a handsome row

of palisades, and inclosed a circular form of building, supported by colonades; under which, two respectable looking gentlemen were walking arm in arm. "Will you have the goodness, Sir, to inform me at which house Mr. *Edwards resides*?" said Mr. Rockingham, touching his hat as he accosted the elder of the two. "With pleasure, Sir;" replied the stranger, "He lives at *number four*; but perhaps you are unacquainted with the melancholy accident that happened to him yesterday afternoon;" and immediately repeated a similar account to that, which Mr. R. had received from the surgeon.

A mixture of sympathy and disappointment, was painted upon the countenances of Matilda and George; the latter sensation, was excited by the apprehension that their father would not suffer them to pay their intended visit to the invalid; and when

they saw him knock at the door they inquired whether *they* might *likewise* be *permitted* to *enter*. The internal neatness of the house corresponded with its outward appearance; the door opened into a small yet truly comfortable parlour, but scarcely had they entered it, when their feelings were shocked by the most piercing groans.

"Are you Mr. Edwards's servant, my good woman?" inquired Mr. Rockingham, of the female who opened the door. "I am the person, Sir, who waits upon three of the gentlemen who live in the cloisters." "He is dreadfully ill, I fear;" rejoined Mr. Rockingham. "Aye, Sir, ill enough; but what is *worse*, he is *sick* in *mind* as well as *body*; though thank God, he is now sorry and grieved for his former faults."

Mr. Rockingham desired the sick man might be made acquainted with his being in the house, "and tell him,"

added he, "that my son and daughter wish to ask him how he does." The woman returned in a few moments and requested the party to walk up stairs. On the side of the sick man's bed sat a clergyman with a prayer-book in his hand, who had kindly been fulfilling the pious office, of endeavouring to sooth the perturbed state of the sufferer's mind.

"I am truly grieved at seeing you suffer so severely," said Mr. Rockingham, tenderly taking the agonized Edwards by the hand, "I have brought my son and daughter to see you, thinking it humanizes the youthful mind to behold fellow creatures in distress."

"Oh, it must do *more*," exclaimed the agonized Edwards, "would to Heaven my parents had accustomed me to such scenes! but I was bred up in the lap of indulgence, and taught to fancy the whole *world* was to be *subser-*

vient to me." As the unhappy man made this declaration, the shattered limb gave such a violent shoot, that the sudden shriek he uttered made every person start in the room. A short respite from acute pain, providentially succeeded; when calling George to the side of his bed, he grasped his hand with a degree of violence, saying, "The bodily pain you see me suffer is *trifling*, when compared to the anguish of my mind; let me then implore you to take warning from my indiscretions, for most dreadfully now do I feel their effect. From the too great indulgence of my parents, my passions obtained such complete dominion over me, that even at your age, I may say, they became my master; there was no expensive pleasure that I did not partake of, and my most intimate companions were young men both of fortune and rank. I was a sharer with them in every species of

dissipation; and upon completing my twentieth year, my father added *my* name to his own, in an extensive mercantile undertaking, which, had I properly attended to, must have insured us an immense fortune—but the greater the means were for gratifying a taste for expensive pleasures, the less attention I paid to mercantile affairs, and as your respected father knows, I became a bankrupt about five years back.”

“ The transition from *affluence* to actual *want*, brought on such a depression of spirits, that the friends of my deceased father exerted themselves in my behalf; and unworthy as I was of their kindness, through it, I obtained admission into this benevolent institution. Not satisfied with enjoying the comforts of existence, I still pined for those elegances I had once possessed; and endeavoured to drown reflection in copious draughts of wine. To various

other failings, I was likewise addicted ; which it is not necessary for me to enumerate ; suffice it to say, young gentleman, that I now sensibly feel the impropriety of my conduct, and would give the *universe* were it at my *disposal* to recal the past years of my life. In youth, I abused the indulgence of my *too partial parents* ; in manhood, I squandered away sums, which I now blush to think of, in the pursuit of unlawful pleasures ; and when, through the benevolent kindness of my friends, I obtained a sanctuary in this asylum, I proved myself unworthy of their friendship and regard. Let me intreat you then, young gentleman, to take warning by my imprudences ; *vices*, I ought more *properly* to term them ; for it is in youth that the human mind acquires its propensities ; and the character is then formed ; which either renders a man an amiable and respectable mem-

ber of society, or a disgrace to his family and friends."

Whilst Mr. Edwards was imparting this instructive lesson to his youthful auditors, the countenance of each proved they were sensibly affected by his discourse; and when pain compelled him to make a pause, George said in an emphatic accent, "I thank you most sincerely, Sir, for the sketch you have given me of your life, and if it were possible that I could exist to the age of Methusalem I should never forget what I have just heard."

The entrance of two surgeons induced Mr. Rockingham to desire his son and daughter to call upon Mr. Pemberton, a clergyman, who resided within a few doors of the benevolent institution; where they were desired to wait until their father summoned them to return home. When Mr. Rockingham took his son and daughter to visit

Mr. Edwards, he had no idea that a conversation so appropriate to his wishes would have passed; and upon their quitting the apartment he expressed his thanks for the lesson the expiring penitent had given his son, in the most grateful terms. Mr. Rockingham had taken his children to this benevolent institution, to convince them of the erroneous opinions they had formed, respecting the secret satisfaction which would arise to them, from *confining acts of charity* to those who had once enjoyed the *blessings* of life; and he intended to have given them an epitome of Mr. Edwards's history as they returned home. This, however, the penitent man had rendered unnecessary, by briefly relating the principal occurrences of his life; and when Mr. Rockingham joined his children, at the place he had appointed, he found them and

the worthy pastor in deep discourse respecting the unfortunate sufferer.

“ Papa, do you know that if Mr. Edwards had not met with that melancholy accident, he would have been one of the most miserable creatures upon the face of the earth !” exclaimed Matilda, taking the hand of her father as he entered the room, “ for Mr. Pemberton has been informing us, from his ill-conduct, he certainly would have been turned out of the asylum.” “ I am perfectly aware of what *would have happened*, Matilda, and intended voting for his *dismissal* ; for that benevolent institution was established for the support of *unfortunate and amiable characters* ; and though by the kind efforts of his friends, Mr. Edwards gained admission, his misconduct was actually an abuse of charity. Thank God,” continued Mr. R. “ he is now truly penitent ; and was his Creator in mercy to

lengthen his existence, I trust, he would not only become a *useful* member of *society*, but set a pattern of piety and morality. Yet *that*, according to our finite conceptions is impossible; for the surgeon has informed me, a mortification has taken place, and that he cannot live four and twenty hours; so we have only to hope through the intercession of our Redeemer, his prayers and penitence will be rendered acceptable."

After having passed near an hour at the rectory, the party took leave of its worthy possessor; and as Mr. Rockingham was fond of slow riding, he threw the reins upon his horses neck, and took out a small pocket-book, the leaves of which he so frequently turned over, that Matilda's curiosity was at length excited, and she inquired whether her father had lost any thing? or whether

he was endeavouring to find some circumstance noted in the book ?

“ I have found, my dear girl, what gives me the most heartfelt satisfaction,” replied Mr. Rockingham, “ for I have discovered, that in the fifteen years my Schools of Industry have been established, only *two* children have been turned out; and what is still more gratifying, only *one* proved a depraved character after being sent out into the world. In the society to which Mr. Edwards belongs, there are eight members, it has been instituted about an hundred and ten years, and during that period of time, no less than seven inhabitants have been discarded from improper conduct; therefore, when I reflect, that I have patronized *more children*, who, of course, are more *liable to failings* than *grown persons*; I repeat that I feel the liveliest satisfaction in knowing that they have, in *general*,

proved worthy my care and attention ; and I have only to hope, my dear George, that whenever I am called upon to render up my great account to my Creator, you will not only *patronize* the institution I have formed, but derive the same secret satisfaction from it, that I have so often done."

The strong impression which this visit made upon the mind of Mr. Rockingham's son in particular, was evident from his remarks and conversation, and that worthy man felt no slight degree of pleasure from perceiving the sudden turn it had given his ideas.

The back entrance to Mr. Rockingham's was through a wood which overhung it, and which rendered the ride from L—— at once shady and picturesquely beautiful ; but as there were some gates to open, George preceded his father and sister when they arrived within a quarter of a mile home. Hav-

ing opened all the gates and left a free passage, cantered forward, and dismounted from his horse; when turning his eye towards some iron pallisades he perceived two post chaises and four, in the front of the house, and the servants all busily employed in removing immense travelling trunks. He entered the kitchen by the back door, but found it unoccupied; he returned, therefore, unnoticed by the same channel, and almost breathless flew towards his father to make him acquainted with the arrival of his unexpected guests.

CHAPTER II.

An orphan family, with *fortune* blest,
Excite solicitude in every breast ;
For wealth attracting—makes *false friends* arise
Eager to seize, the *helpless*, gilded prize.

MR. Rockingham and Matilda followed George's example, and entered the house by the back gates ; but previous to reaching the stable, they perceived two servants, who by their dress were foreigners, leading in their horses, escorted by Thomas, the groom, who not having perceived his master until

he had dismounted, seemed struck with astonishment at his approach. "To whom do those servants belong, Thomas?" said Mr. Rockingham. "I be'ant able to understand much of their out-landish lingo, Sir," replied Thomas, "but I thinks as how they be comed all the way from *Russian*; they have brought a sweet little lady and gentleman with them, all wrapped up in bear's skins; and there be two gentlemen, and a sort of lady-like somebody with them; and they all seem to be mortally grieved about something."

As Mr. Rockingham listened to his groom's information, his intelligent countenance underwent a variety of changes; for the improper term *Russian* united to the *bear skins*, gave him reason to suppose an only brother, who had been many years resident in Russia, had returned to his native country, and brought his children with him for the

advantages of a liberal education ; but when heard he that the whole party seemed to labour under some affliction, an inward presentiment whispered that this beloved relation was no more. Suspense however, in such a case, was insupportable, and he rushed forward, without waiting to assist Matilda to alight, and entering the hall perceived several travelling trunks with the initials of his brother's name. Upon opening the drawing-room door he saw Mrs. Rockingham tenderly caressing a little girl about five years of age, whilst a boy, apparently eighteen months older, was stroaking her cheek, and entreating her *not to cry*. The sable garb these children were dressed in, proclaimed the death of a near relation ; with eager anxiety Mr. Rockingham directed his eyes towards the gentlemen—but, alas! they were not destined to meet the affectionate glances of a beloved bro-

ther, though in *one of them*, he recognized *Mr. Mansel*, that brother's most *intimate friend*—his melancholy looks, and sable apparel, too plainly told the sad intelligence he had to relate. Mr. Edward Rockingham had in fact been dead near three months, and had intrusted his children to the joint guardianship of Mr. Mansel and Mr. Rockingham. The former had entered into a mercantile connection with Mr. Edward R—— and with Mr. Orloff, (the Russian gentleman who conducted the orphan children to England) was *executor* as well as *guardian*; and the purport of their visit into Lancashire was to request Mr. Rockingham either to point out proper seminaries for his piece and nephew, or to take them under his own protection.

Never were two brothers more warmly attached to each other, than Mr. Rockingham and Mr. Edward R——,

and the account of the sudden death of the *latter*, was one of the heaviest afflictions the former had ever endured ; and it was many minutes before he was even able to embrace the objects who had been placed under his care.

Ellen Rockingham was in disposition remarkably *mild* and *timid* ; and the very sight of a stranger frequently called forth tears ; yet though weeping in the arms of her aunt when her uncle entered the drawing room, she, from that moment, fixed her eyes upon him with a mixture of *astonishment* and delight ; and when he was sufficiently recovered to embrace her, she clung round his neck, exclaiming, “ My *dear, dear* *papa*, who brought you to life again ? But pray, pray, do not leave your Ellen again ! Pray do not let those naughty men put you into that black box.”

“ No, my sweet angel, I will never leave or forsake you,” replied the agi-

tated Mr. Rockingham, in a voice almost suffocated by agitation; for so strong was the resemblance between the persons of the two brothers, that it was evident the innocent child had fancied that in her *uncle* she again *saw* her *father*. Mr. Orloff observing the mistake of the amiable little orphan, drew Mr. Rockingham aside, for the purpose of entreating him to favour the deception. "Indeed, Sir," said he, "I am not astonished the dear child should have been deceived; for when you entered the apartment, I could scarce give credit to my eyes—your *looks*—your *voice*—your every *movement*, so recalled the person of your brother to my ideas, that I could scarcely avoid rushing into your arms."

Though Frederick seemed to receive his uncle's caresses with no less pleasure than his sister, yet eighteen months at that period, makes a striking distinction

in the understanding of a child ; and from his looks and manner it was evident that he did not, like his *sister*, believe his father was *restored to life*. Never to part with these dear children Mr. Rockingham was determined; provided Mrs. R — did not object to their remaining under his roof; and having mentioned his wish and finding her perfectly agreeable to it, he, on the following morning, informed Mr. Mansel he did not intend sending their wards to school, saying, it would afford him the highest gratification to educate them with his own children.

The term *uncle* and *aunt* was unknown to these little orphans, neither of whom had known a mother; for Mrs. Edward Rockingham had died in giving birth to Ellen, and Frederick was too young to have the slightest recollection of her person. Though upon the first interview with his uncle, he

did not mistake him for his father, yet from the daily proofs of affection he received from him, he considered him in that light; and in a few weeks he seemed to have forgotten Russia, and to consider himself as Mr. Rockingham's son, instead of his *nephew*.

Though the fortune Mr. Edward Rockingham received from his father scarcely amounted to three thousand pounds, yet from peculiar success attending his mercantile transactions, and from having married a lady of large fortune, he had been enabled to leave each of his children upwards of twenty thousand pounds. This circumstance their uncle carefully concealed from them, well knowing that many children are apt to value themselves upon *riches*, and to fancy that those who possess them, need not make any exertion.

Frederick Rockingham, though by no means unaimable in his disposition,

was so naturally *indolent*, that the slightest exertion seemed attended with fatigue; and it was with the greatest difficulty that his cousin Henry could persuade him to play at any athletic or manly game. If cricket was proposed, the bat gave him such a pain in the shoulder, that he pretended he could not move his arm for two or three days, and as to catching the ball, or knocking down the wicket, both would have been attended with a great deal too much fatigue. *Marbles* or *tetotum* were Frederick's favorite amusement, which Mr. Rockingham perceived with concern; "for if you are indolent at your sports," (he would say) "my dear Frederick, how can I expect to see you *eager* at your *tasks*? and recollect that it must be by your exertion that you are to rise in the world; for the fortune I can bestow will be a mere trifle, therefore you must endeavour to

render yourself capable of following some *respectable, or learned profession*.

Admonitions of this kind frequently repeated, at length produced the desired effect; yet, in all probability, had this child known he was possessed of *independent fortune*, the salutary advice would have lost much of its weight.

The impression which the expiring Mr. Edwards had made upon the minds of George and Matilda Rockingham, afforded their father the highest gratification, for both frequently requested permission to accompany him in his daily visits to the schools he had erected—yet time seemed to diminish the pleasure Matilda had at first experienced from diurnally accompanying her father to these charitable institutions; and as drawing had become her favorite study, the pursuit of it, afforded a plausible excuse for discontinuing a practice which had afforded her parents

much satisfaction. Yet Matilda's taste did not lead her to design landscapes; it was confined to flowers and different plants; and as Louisa and Henry were fond of botanizing, they used to make excursions in the fields and woods for the purpose of obtaining curious natural flowers and plants; and in these rambles they were always accompanied by their cousins, and their *female attendant*.

Though the Russian peasants are in general remarkably ignorant, yet Spoitzkie, (which was the name of the little orphans attendant) had enjoyed the *advantages of education*, for she was one of those children whom the late* Empress had taken under her protec-

* It is well-known that the late Empress of Russia was the founder of many noble and charitable institutions, and amongst the number one for orphan children, who were instructed in all those occupations which were necessary to render them *useful* members of society.

tion; and upon quitting the Royal Institution, found a comfortable asylum in Mr. Edward Rockingham's family. As Spoitzkie had at once filled the double capacity of *under governess* and *domestic*, she always appeared desirous of gaining every species of information, and whenever she accompanied Henry and Louisa in their botanical excursions, she testified the most ardent desire to obtain a perfect knowledge of the qualities of the different plants they collected. To acquire this she defied both bushes and brambles; she would force a passage through hedges, or grope into the muddy water of a stagnate ditch, and one evening having penetrated through the former, whilst her youthful companions remained on the other side of it, she called forth their astonishment by an exclamation of alarm and surprise.

“ Oh, my dear Spoitskie, what is

the matter ? enquired the affrighted Ellen. " What can have alarmed you ? " enquired George, who that evening had joined the party, in a commanding tone of voice. Spoitzkie for some moments made no reply to those interrogations, but at length exclaimed, " My God ! what cruel wretch could have the heart to leave this innocent in such a perilous situation ? " Curiosity, or we will hope, a *better motive*, influenced the feelings of the young party ; and casting an eager eye, they perceived a gap in the inclosure, through which, without any difficulty, they easily passed ; and running, or rather flying towards the sympathizing Spoitzkie, they perceived her kneeling over a lovely infant, apparently about six weeks of age, placed in a situation somewhat similar to our great law-giver *Moses* ; for though the basket which sheltered

him was not floating upon the water, it was placed by the side of a ditch.

Astonishment for some moments checked the power of utterance, and the youthful party crouded round the helpless innocent in silent surprise; when George perceiving Spoitzkie in the act of taking it out of the basket, rudely grasped her arm, and demanded what she was going to do with the child.

“I am going to present it to your humane father and mother, Master Rockingham, and implore them to receive it under their protection,” replied Spoitzskie, gently placing the deserted innocent upon her arm. “By what *right* do you remove the bantling?” rejoined George in an authoritative tone, “I doubt not, but it belongs to some female who is working in the adjoining fields; and as to my father, he has children enough of his *own* to maintain and provide for, without being encum-

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hered with a parcel of *beggar's brats*. What do you think, Matilda?" continued he, turning to his sister, "Ought not Spoitzkie to leave the child in the spot where she found it?"

"I think she will give its mother a cruel shock by removing it;" replied Matilda, "and as you observe, George, my father has children enough to support; so pray, Madam Consequence, do not think of carrying it home; besides, you have no *right* to *do so*; for let me tell me you, you are only my cousin Ellen's servant."

"I am proud of being your cousin's *attendant*, Miss Rockingham, though I should blush at degrading myself so much as to be *your's*," replied the indignant Spoitzkie, pressing the child still closer to her bosom, "and as to your saying I have no *right* to preserve the life of this helpless creature, the right of *humanity*, I trust, will plead

my excuse for committing it to the care of your respected parents, who would never forgive me was I to leave it here to perish from want."

"Oh, take it! Pray take it, dear Spoitzkie," exclaimed Henry and Louisa in the same tone of voice, whilst Frederick and Ellen united their intreaties to those of their cousins. "I would not leave it for the *universe*, my dear children," replied Spoitzkie, "yet as Master Rockingham thinks its mother may come soon in pursuit of it, if any of you have pencil, I will pin a piece of paper to the basket informing her she may find the helpless infant at Mr. Rockingham's."

Louisa instantly drew a pencil from her pocket, and Henry having provided her with a slip of paper, she wrote in large characters what Spoitzkie dictated, when the party proceeded towards Mr. Rockham's. "I expect," said George, ad-

“dressing himself to Matilda, “my father will now erect a *Foundling Hospital*, and have a cradle placed at the gate, for the reception of every bantling, whose parents do not like the *trouble* of *nursing*; but I only wish I could have fore-~~seen~~ what kind of a *plant* we should have discovered this evening, and I warrant ye Spoitzkie should not should not have *accompanied* us in our research.”

“Oh, Spoitzkie, I believe, was a *foundling*, therefore it is natural for *her* to feel interested about the little thing; yet as my father does not happen to be an *emperor*, she should reflect that *his* charity may be prejudicial to his children,” rejoined Matilda, casting, upon the humane Russian, a glance of ineffable contempt.

To this unfeeling retort, the amiable Spoitzkie did not condescend to make any reply, and the party reached a small

paddock which adjoined Mr. Rockingham's garden without any thing material occurring. As they entered it, they met the respectable owners of it, each of whom eagerly demanded what burden Spoitzkie bore? but the children were so eager to relate the adventure, that they would scarcely suffer her to repeat where the helpless babe was found. When I say the *children* were *eager* to describe the situation in which the poor innocent was discovered; I ought to have specified the *four younger*; for George and Matilda preserved a total silence, yet the cloud of discontent which overspread their features, did not escape the observation of their parents.

"Why, George," said Mr. Rockingham, "if I may judge by your countenance, you do not derive pleasure from the unexpected discovery of this *natural production*!" pointing to the still sleep-

ing infant, "yet surely you will allow it has a fine stamina, and may, if properly *nourished*, become a most *valuable plant*."

"To carry on the illusion, Sir," replied George, "you must grant that the *scion* partakes of the *parent tree*; and in that case, we might as well expect *roses* from *brambles*, as *virtue* or *gratitude* from a *base-born child*; and though I have no right to offer an opinion, Sir, yet I think the boy ought to be sent to the workhouse, for if you *foster* and *protect* him, you will have many more committed to your protection in the course of a few months."

Though Mr. Rockingham was one of the most indulgent of fathers, yet even in his endearments, there was such a *dignity*, blended with *tenderness*, that his children had never presumed to encroach upon the *respect* due to a *parent*; therefore he listened to his son's

admonition with a mixture of displeasure and astonishment ; and it was actually some moments before he felt sufficiently collected to make any reply. The strongest marks of displeasure overspread his features, though silent—and fixing upon the presumptuous boy, a reproving eye, he said in a stern voice, “ Until you have learned that duty which is due to a father, presume not to appear in my presence. Ungrateful boy !” continued he, elevating his accent, “ is it not enough for me to behold *you destitute of humanity* ; but you must daringly call in *question* the *propriety of my conduct*, and have the arrogance to offer me *unasked advice* :—away, Sir—away—unless you mean to provoke me to chastise you with the severity, your inhumanity deserves.”

Though during their walk home, George and Matilda had both determined to remonstrate against their

father's receiving the hapless foundling under his roof, the latter was too-much intimidated by his resentment, to offer a single objection to the plan; and creeping close to Spoitzkie, in the most humiliating manner she besought her not to repeat what had passed in the fields.

The affrighted George, obeyed his father's mandate and silently retired to his room; the little foundling awoke at the same moment, and though perfectly quiet, seemed to want some nourishment. A poor woman, whom Mrs. Rockingham was in the habit of supplying daily with a pitcher of milk, arrived for the accustomed boon at the instant, with her young children at her breast; when Mrs. R. entreated her to let the little stranger partake of nature's bountiful food; but to her astonishment the infant would not take the breast; this circumstance notwithstanding-

ing afforded her pleasure, as it was evident the child had been accustomed to food, and a bason of pap, being prepared in a few minutes, it eat heartily of it, and again sunk into repose.

Mr. Rockingham having interrogated the humane Russian, respecting the *exact spot* where she had discovered the child, instantly set out accompanied by the gardener, for the purpose of watching near it in the hope of perceiving any person that might come with the view of examining the basket ; and the moon shining with peculiar lustre, afforded them an opportunity of seeing every creature that passed ; when after waiting near two hours, without perceiving an individual, they returned home mortified, vexed, and disappointed ; yet bringing the humble cradle with them, which had contained the deserted infant ; upon examining this wicker repository, it was evident

that some person had been to the spot, as the paper which Spoitzkie had carefully pinned to it, had been removed, a piece of soiled parchment substituted in its place, with the words "Thank God!" written upon it apparently with a trembling hand.

On the following morning the worthy Mr. Rockingham offered a reward of *ten pounds* to any person who could give any satisfactory intelligence respecting the little foundling; but though conjecture fell upon the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, there was no positive proof that the child was her's. This young woman, whose name was Peggy Cartwright, had been observed by a woodman loitering near the spot, a short time before Spoitzkie came into the field; and soon afterwards when passing an aged oak tree, he saw her concealed in its hollow trunk. Several other corroborating circumstances con-

confirmed Mr. Rockingham in the opinion that the helpless innocent owed its birth to Peggy Cartwright; but as her father was known to be a man of the most violent and impetuous passions, he determined to be at the expense of fostering and protecting the hapless child, rather than expose it to the cruelty of such an unfeeling man. A careful nurse was accordingly provided for it, who regularly received six shillings every Thursday morning, and to the immortal honour of Henry and Louisa, they requested permission to pay part of the sum; for each of Mr. Rockingham's children received a certain weekly allowance, not only for pocket-money, but for the necessary articles of *gloves, ribbands, and shoes*.

Though Frederick and Ellen were never without money in their pockets, yet their protectors did not think them old enough to have a similar allowance;

but desirous of emulating the generous conduct of their cousins, they requested a similar indulgence, that they might likewise have the gratification of contributing to the little foundling's support. A request founded upon so amiable a principle, was not likely to be refused, and every Thursday these four benevolent children, gave sixpence each to the little fellow's nurse.

Though George appeared truly sensible of the impropriety of his conduct, and had implored his father's forgiveness in the most penitential terms, yet neither himself nor Matilda had offered to contribute to the little *William's* support ; for by that name was he christened no the morning after he was found. Previous to the discovery of the little foundling, it had been the daily practice with George and Matilda regularly to visit a pastry-cook, who was famous for Banbury-cakes, but

several weeks elapsed without either even entering the shop. That the money they had been accustomed to spend was hoarded for some purpose was evident to Mrs. Rockingham, yet she did not make any enquiries, though at the end of three months she was most agreeably surprised at seeing little William dressed in a new beaver hat and a scarlet great coat, which the nurse informed her were presents from Miss Matilda and Master George.

It would be difficult to describe the refined gratification which the amiable Mrs. Rockingham experienced at this proof of her son and daughter's benevolence, and whilst the tear of maternal tenderness proved the pleasure she experienced, she enquired whether they did not feel a secret satisfaction in *bestowing the gifts*. "Yet why, my dear children," said she, "did you *not* like your *brother* and *sister*, contribute

a. small sum every week towards William's support, for your not offering to do so, gave your father and myself many hours of inquietude?"

" I was fearful my father would not *allow me to contribute* towards the support of the poor little fellow, mama," replied George, with evident confusion, " for though he forgave the impropriety of my conduct, yet, I am persuaded he has not *forgotten* it ; but I wish to convince him, by my future actions that I am heartily sorry for my behaviour on that memorable night, and Matilda and myself are determined to make every reparation in our power ; yet if you do not think my father would refuse our contribution, we will make the proposal next Thursday morning."

" Your father will be *delighted*, my dear George, at receiving such a mark of your *penitence and humanity* ;" re-

joined Mrs. Rockingham, "for you know not how deeply he has been hurt by what he considered a proof of the *hardness* of your *heart*; and though it was presumptuous in you to offer advice to such a parent, yet that fault, I am certain, he readily forgave; but to think a *child* of *his* should not feel for a helpless innocent, gave a pang to his susceptible bosom beyond *my ability* to describe."

The agitated tone of Mrs. Rockingham's voice, completely proved that her feelings had participated with those of her amiable husband, and as she closed the preceding sentence she burst into a flood of tears.

"Oh, my mother! my dear, dear mother, how unworthy have I been of your tenderness and regard," exclaimed the penitent George, sympathising in her emotion and pressing her hand to his palpitating heart, "yet, believe me,"

continued he, folding his arms around her, "when I call Heaven to witness that I never intentionally will give another moment of uneasiness, and I will endeavour to make my *future conduct* compensate for the *past*.

"This precious moment repays all my anxiety," rejoined Mrs. Rockingham, "I no longer, my dear son, consider you as a child, but rely with as much *faith* upon your promise, as I should do upon that of a person twice your age." Mr. Rockingham entered at this interesting moment, and perceiving his wife's countenance bathed in tears, eagerly demanded the cause of her agitation, but not receiving an immediate answer, he addressed his son in an angry tone of voice, saying, "What new mark, Sir, of *pride*, or *inhumanity* have you been displaying, to call forth tears from the eyes of your amiable mother?"

" They are tears of *delight*, my dearest Rockingham, and you will participate in the emotion when I tell you that our dear George has not only convinced me how sensibly he feels the *impropriety* of his *past conduct*, but has in the most sacred manner assured me, that his future study will be to render himself worthy of our regard," said Mrs. Rockingham, again embracing the truly agitated youth.

The cloud which had overshadowed Mr. Rockingham's countenance suddenly dispersed, and after embracing his son with truly parental affection, he implored him to persevere in the resolution he had formed; assuring him there was no gratification equal to that of self-approving conscience.

CHAPTER III.

Oft in the dawn of Spring we see,
 The blossoms blighted on the tree;
 Yet oft the buds upon the rose
 Appear contracted—still it blows,
 And whilst it scents the ambient air
 Few flow'rs in beauty can compare;—
 The same appearance oft we find
 Connected with the youthful mind,
 And wayward children frequent prove
 Deserving of esteem and love;
 For when the youthful mind is fraught
 With science—and by virtue taught,
 Each head-strong passion then declines,
 And worth with *more transcendence shines*.

THESE lines are truly applicable to
 George Rockingham; who either touch-
 ed by the maternal tenderness of his
 affectionate parents, or stung by the

reproaches of his own heart, from the period of the little foundling's discovery actually became a new creature. His manners to the servants were pleasing and conciliating; and instead of accosting them with an haughty air of superiority, which had excited disgust in their bosoms, he addressed them with a mildness and complacency that won their hearts; and they not only felt a pleasure in complying with his wishes, but frequently anticipated his wants. This alteration in their manner struck him so forcibly, that in a confidential moment he mentioned it to his mother, who, having listened to his remarks, replied, "*it is to your own behaviour, my dear fellow, that you are to attribute the alteration. Servants, without the advantages of a refined education, are endowed with understanding and feeling; and well aware that you could not be comfortable without their assistance,*

naturally felt their *own consequence*; and when you *ordered* instead of *requesting*, it was no wonder that they fulfilled your wishes with dissatisfaction: but since you have changed your *mode of conduct*, they imperceptibly alter theirs; and I need not observe how much more gratifying it is to be *loved* than *feared*."

Three months elapsed without any thing remarkable occurring, when a post chaise and four drove rapidly up the avenue, and Mr. Orloff descended from it, in a travelling dress. The little Russians pressed eagerly around him, and after giving them a hasty embrace, he grasped the hand of Mrs. Rockingham, saying, "My dear madam, will you entrust your son to my care? I last night received a diplomatic employment; and have travelled *post* for the purpose of making George my private secretary; for young as he is, I

am persuaded he is equal to the office, and I only regret that I could not give you a longer notice, for whether you confide him to my protection, or reject the offer, I have only one short hour at my disposal."

"Oh, Mama! I conjure you to let me go with Mr. Orloff!" exclaimed the agitated George, grasping his mother's hand—but at that instant Mr. Rockingham entered the apartment, and the same proposal having been made to him, he said, "Surely, my love, you cannot hesitate? Yet if your consent is reluctant let me intreat you to withhold it; but recollect that though George is our eldest son, we have other children to provide for, and such a kind offer can never be expected again." "You will not refuse your consent I am sure, my dearest mother, when I tell you by granting it you will make me TRULY HAPPY," said the implor-

ing George, throwing his arms round his mother, and wetting her cheek with tears he could no longer repress. "No, my son, I readily grant it," replied Mrs. Rockingham, "and may the Almighty not only prosper your voyage, but delegate some guardian angel to take you under his protection!—You are young, very young, my dear fellow; and though I have no doubt of Mr. Orloff's kindness and attention, yet as a *mother*, I cannot help feeling a thousand anxieties at your entering, at so early a period, on the busy theatre of the world!"

"I will endeavour to supply the place of a *father* and *mother* to him," said Mr. Orloff in an agitated tone of voice, "but, my dear madam, I am under the necessity of *reminding* you that we have not a moment to lose; my baggage is at this time at Portsmouth, at which place I know I can

equip your son; therefore do me the favour of ordering your servants to pack up his clothes in a trunk, and rely upon my procuring all necessaries for him the same as if he was my own son."

"I will spare you that trouble, my dear Sir, if you will permit me to occupy a corner in your chaise;" said Mr. Rockingham to George's future protector. Mr. Orloff having declared that few things would afford him so much pleasure as the society of his friend, Mrs. Rockingham hastily quitted the drawing-room, for the purpose of packing up her son's things; who, though delighted at the idea of a voyage to Russia, felt a secret sorrow at leaving his family, and followed his affectionate mother for the purpose of assisting her in collecting his books and clothes.

"Time, my dearest boy," said Mrs. Rockingham, "is precious; and your

departure is so sudden that I scarcely know how to collect my scattered thoughts; yet, in the midst of this busy occupation I implore you to listen to my advice."

"I will not *ONLY* listen, but most implicitly *follow it*," replied the agitated boy, grasping the hand of his mother, and imprinting upon it a fervent embrace. "First then let me conjure you never to forget the duty you owe to the great Parent of us all! If prosperity smiles upon you, always remember that from *his bounteous* hand the blessing flowed—and if adversity should assail you, recollect that it could not have happened without his Divine permission. Diurnally then implore the Almighty to protect you from the allurements of pleasure, and the destructive paths of vice; and in your intercourse with society, shun the profligate as you would a pestilential blast,

for the force of vicious example is too apt to make a dangerous impression upon the youthful heart. In the situation you are to fill, many allurements will be offered to induce you to deviate from that rectitude of conduct, which I flatter myself, you will *scrupulously observe*; but remember, my dear George that a *bribe* is the *greatest insult* that can be offered to an *honest* man; yet in confidential situations it is frequently resorted to, for the purpose of proving the rectitude of the parties who are employed.

“ In human nature *perfection* cannot be expected; we are all, in a greater or less degree, liable to faults; but never by denying an *error*, expose yourself to the imputation of a *crime*, for *such* in the eyes of our *Maker*, is the slightest deviation from truth. Endeavour to make friends by a conciliation of manners; and if you have the good fortune

to engage their affections, remember that you possess Heaven's choicest boon ; at the same time recollect that it is much *easier to make friends than to retain their regard.*"

This maternal advice was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Rockingham, to say that Mr. Orloff began to be very impatient, "Return to him, my love," replied the affectionate mother ; "and assure him in five minutes George shall attend him." These precious moments could no longer be devoted to admonition ; George's books and apparel were hastily deposited in the trunk, and within the space of time his mother had mentioned, William carried it out out of the room for the purpose of strapping it upon the carriage.

Tender and affecting was the adieu between the youthful traveller and his dear connections. Matilda in particular, clung about his neck with such an

appearance of violent sorrow, that her father was forced to extricate him from her embrace, whilst Mr. Orloff at the same moment forced him into the chaise. When it drove off she uttered a shriek, that rather proved the *violence of passion* than that of exquisite tenderness of feeling, which evinces true susceptibility of heart; and it required all the strength Spoitzkie was mistress of, to prevent her from following the carriage.

To the care of that humble friend and attached domestic, Mrs. Rockingham left her daughter, and retired to her apartment, where, falling upon her knees, she implored the Almighty to protect her son, and conduct him in those paths of virtue which his ancestors, for so many centuries, had trod. Upon returning to the drawing-room, she was at once pleased and astonished at perceiving Matilda's countenance perfectly composed. "Matilda," said

she, "your conduct has been *cruel*; you ought to have tried to support my spirits, instead of agitating them."

"I was wrong I know, Mama," replied Matilda—"and Spoitzkie has convinced me how very shameful it was—but to own the *truth, Mama*, I thought if George *saw* me so *very miserable*, he would refuse to go with Mr. Orloff; for you know, now he is gone, I shall have no one to walk with, or amuse me, for Henry and Louisa are too young to be my *companions*."

"Then it was merely the wish of *self-gratification*, which induced you to act the frantic part you performed," rejoined Mrs. Rockingham, with a reproving glance. "You would have sacrificed all your brother's future prospects in life in seems, for the pleasure of his society—you were unmindful of those pangs which, as a mother, I must feel, at parting with my son at so

short a notice ; and under the pretence of excessive attachment, you displayed those symptoms of uncontrolled passion, which must for ever degrade you in the opinion of Mr. Orloff."

To the just observations of her respectable parent, Matilda was unable to make any reply, and soon afterwards quitted the drawing-room, apparently penitent for the impropriety of her conduct. Louisa and Henry had both retired to a bow window, silently to indulge that sorrow which their sympathizing bosoms, felt at witnessing the distress of a mother, whom they doated upon to excess ; for though they were sorry at parting from their brother, yet his conduct towards them had been rather overbearing than conciliating. Mrs. Rockingham noticed, though she did not make any observation, upon these genuine marks of sensibility in her son and daughter, and could not

help experiencing a secret satisfaction at beholding the delicate manner in which they evinced their concern, for instead of displaying it by any violent symptoms of emotion, they seemed to endeavour to confine it within their own gentle breasts; and so far from wishing to *add to her affliction*, they retired from observation, for the purpose of *concealing their own*.

Henry at length perceiving his mother was observing his actions, adopted a little piece of finesse, and hastily thrusting his handkerchief into his pocket, exclaimed "What pain the least bit of dust gives, if it happen to get into the eye." Then perceiving a transient smile illumine the countenance of the author of his existence, he flew towards her and clasped his arms round her neck, saying, "My dear, dear mama, I will be doubly attentive to you, and endeavour to compensate for the absence of my

brother ; but it is a long time, mama, since you was in my garden, will you be kind enough to come and look at my flowers."

"The tender tone of declaration, united to the action which accompanied it, brought a fresh flood of tears into the eyes of Mrs. Rockingham ; but the delicate attempt the amiable boy made to direct her thought into a different channel, was not to be resisted ; and after returning his embrace, and pressing him to her maternal bosom, she declared herself ready to comply with his request.

A square of about fifteen yards, had been allotted these youthful florists ; for Henry and Louisa had no idea of a separate enjoyment ; and whilst the former was the tiller, the latter was the ornament of this pasture—this small spot of ground was situated in a southern aspect ; and Henry who had a taste for

mechanics had inclosed it with a trellis work railing, in the forming of which he had been assisted by the gardener, who had originally been intended for a carpenter, at the extremity was a small harbour, almost enveloped by a luxuriant eglantine; and several large pots of broad-leaved myrtle, were trained as espaliers along the trellis rails. The roses which adorned this little spot, were in the highest state of perfection, and the perfume which exhaled from them, rendered the favourite retreat of these amiable children a paradise of sweets. "Why, my dear boy," said Mrs. Rockingham, "I never recollect seeing such a diversity of roses in all my life, for though *each* appears *beautiful*, I do not believe there are two alike."

"No, mama," replied Henry exultingly, "that is what I pride myself upon; for the botanists, whose opinions

are to be depended upon, tell us there are fourteen species of the rose, and in this little spot we have *nine different ones*, excuding the *moss* and the *dog rose*."

"And why should not both be *included*?" enquired Mrs. Rockingham, wishing to discover whether Henry had profitted by a book which his father had had recently bought him. "Why, mama," he replied, "Lord Somerville's gardener told me, that they used to be considered of a *different* species; yet Linneus says, that the dog-rose, or the *rosa-canina*, is the parent of *all the rest*—but old Richard, you know, before he went to Lord Somerville's, lived with Mr. Miller, when he had the botanical garden at Cambridge; and he informs me that Mr. Miller, always declared that the moss rose to be a totally *distinct plant*." "It is more difficult to be reared than those of the *other species*,

is it not ?” enquired Mrs. R. “ By no means, mama,” replied the youthful botanist, “ for it may either be propagated by *suckers* or layers ; and Richard, who is my *oracle*, tells me it will stand a severe winter better than the more common sort.” “ I am inclined to believe your imagination is poetic, Henry,” continued his mother, smiling, “ by the choice of your flowers ; for the *rose*, the *myrtle*, the *eglantine*, and the *lily*, are all occasionally favourites of those who court the poetic muse.”

“ Oh, yes mama,” exclaimed Louisa, who at that moment joined them, “ Henry has a very great taste, I assure you, for *poetry*, and when he sent a valentine to Eliza Darnley, he compared her complexion to the *lily* and her cheeks to the *rose*.” “ Oh, Louisa, you have betrayed my confidence,” exclaimed Henry, whilst his animated countenance glowed with a mixture of

anger and confusion. "I did not mean to do so indeed, my dear Henry, but somehow it popped out without intending it."

"Why should you wish to conceal a *talent*, my dear fellow, which you might be convinced would afford me pleasure to know you possessed? however, as the secret had been by accident discovered, I must entreat you to show me a specimen of your taste?"

"Pray do not desire me to *expose* myself, mama," replied Henry, "for it is only my sister's *partiality*, that makes her think my poetry worth reading." "And do you not think your *mother* feels as much *affection* towards you, as your *sister*?" demanded Mrs. Rockingham. "Oh yes, mama, you every hour *prove* it to me;" replied Henry, tenderly kissing the extended hand, "but then you would perceive a *thousand faults* in my writing, which

to-morrow." Joy was depicted upon the countenance of Henry and Louisa, at this gratifying piece of news; for though each was partial to Spoitzkie, the softness of Miss Hazlemere's manners had inspired them with tenderness as well as regard; and the prospect of her return gave Mrs. Rockingham an equal degree of pleasure.

"Mama," said Henry, "I could wish you not to request me to show the lines upon Miss Hazlemere's birth-day, for she was kind enough to point out some inaccuracies in them, and as a thought has just struck me, I will try to poetize it, but you must expect to see *ten thousand* faults in my production, and very, *very few beauties*."

"Be to his faults a little blind; be to his *merit very kind*;" said, or rather sang Louisa, in that well-known tune adapted to the words in the Padlock. Mrs. Rockingham smiled at the appli-

cation, and turning to her daughter, said, "We will leave the youthful Apollo to his *meditations*; for I must give directions to the servants to have Miss Hazlemere's apartment properly aired;" then taking the hand of Louisa she left her son to the indulgence of his thoughts.

Miss Hazlemere had been several months absent from that comfortable asylum which had been offered her upon the death of her parents, in consequence of a maternal uncle having requested Mrs. Rockingham to spare her for the purpose of attending his *sick bed*; and with this request she complied the more readily, from knowing the amiable girl was his *nearest relation*, and as Mr. Topping was an old bachelor, Mrs. Rockingham indulged the hope that he would leave the bulk of his fortune to her young favorite. Though Miss Hazlemere had merely mentioned

the death of her uncle, yet her kind protectress still indulged the hope that her wishes had been realized, and determined whatever fortune might be left her, to request she would still reside under the same hospitable roof.

Whilst Mrs. Rockingham was giving orders for the reception of her young friend, Henry was endeavouring to compose a few stanzas upon a subject at that moment nearest to his heart; and after remaining a few hours in his own apartment, he entered the drawing room with the expected production in his hand.

"Well, my dear boy," said his amiable mother, "may I be permitted to form a judgment of *your poetic taste*?" Yes, my dear mama," replied Henry, "but pray do not read it with too *scrutinizing an eye*; for though the *sound* may *jingle*, I fear the *sense* will not be so easily understood."

“ You mean to say you have taken a *poetic licence* ;” rejoined Mrs. Rockingham, “ and instead of simplifying your subject, have endeavoured to puzzle me with far-fetched thoughts.” “ Oh, no mama ! yet instead of *simplifying*, I fear you will say there is something very *simple* inclosed here.” At the same time delivering the paper and hurrying out of the room. All the children eagerly crowded round Mrs. Rockingham, imploring her to indulge them with the sight of the youthful poet’s composition ; when opening the paper she complied with their wishes, and read the following lines.—

*Lines written upon the Embarkation of an
elder Brother to the Russian Court.*

Soft blow ye winds ! be smooth ye waves,
For on your bosom sails
A youthful mariner—who ne’er
Encounter’d boisterous gales t

80 HISTORY OF THE ROCKINGHAMS.

Nurtur'd with fondness, and with care,
His parents *hope* and *pride* ;
How will his bark of life be steer'd,
Without their fost'ring guide ?

Yet George's youthful mind was stor'd
With science and with worth;
Virtue's bright image he beheld
In *those* who gave him birth !

And as the Sacred Writ* proclaims
A child in virtue rear'd
Will never deviate from her paths,
Then why should George be fear'd ?

Though Albion's sons may truly boast
Inherent worth of mind,
Yet *bright examples*, there's no doubt,
In Russia's clime he'll find.

In Orloff's noble breast there glows
A pure ætherial ray,
Reflected from the gen'rous deeds,
Perform'd by him each day !

* "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

Solomon.

HISTORY OF THE ROCKINGHAMS. 81

Then, dearest author of my birth,
No longer let thy breast,
With anxious, or forboding tears,
Be painfully oppress'd.

Those children which you still retain
Will study to display
Attention, greater than *before*,
To ev'ry *thing* you say.

With eager fondness they will watch
Each word, and each desire,
And never shall the filial spark
Of tenderness expire!

Be *this* the office—mine the task,
Though *task* it ne'er can be;
To compensate a brother's loss
Who's sailing on the sea!

And may that brother ever prove
Fortune's most favor'd son;
And as he climbs the hill of life,
Proceed as he begun.

H. R.

Though Mrs. Rockingham began
reading the preceding lines in an audi-

ble accent, yet, as she proceeded, her tremulous voice faltered, and large drops of maternal tenderness rapidly fell upon the paper. "Amiable boy!" she exclaimed, pressing the paper to her bosom, "amply do you compensate me for your brother's loss! Oh," continued she, turning to Louisa, "how I wish your beloved father could participate in my emotions!" then raising her expressive eyes to heaven, she said, "Great God! I thank thee for blessing me with such a son, but call him, my dear Louisa, and let me thank him for this inestimable proof of filial love."

The bashful boy instantly obeyed the summons. "Come to my arms," said the affectionate mother, extending them as he approached, then embracing him with transports; "Your lines," said she, "are beautiful! they touch the heart—and for this reason I know they are the *spontaneous effusion* of your

own." " *They were indeed, mama,*" replied Henry, " yet I fear they possess many faults, and as you said you would point them out to me, I entreat to know where I have erred."

" If I am to *detect faults,*" replied the attached mother, " you must chuse a less interesting theme, my dear boy, for in the composition I have been reading, I saw new beauties in every line; but show them Mr. Turner, and request his *candid* opinion of *them*; for I am now convinced that a *mother* is very *ill calculated* to perform the part of a *critic.*"

" The lines are *very pretty* I allow, mama," said Louisa, " but I assure you, my brother Henry has written many that you would like quite as well; I wanted to show you the epitaph upon Tray, yet he would not permit me, and as to riddles and charades, he has a book full of them."

"I can only say, my dear bby," replied Mrs. Rockingham, "that the diffidence you felt has deprived me of a high gratification; yet as the ice is once broken, (to make use of Spoltzkie's observation) I trust I may now see Louisa's Book, so fetch it my love, it will at least *amuse me*, and divert my attention from poor George."

Louisa instantly obeyed the mandate, and entered the room with a triumphant look, delighted at the idea of having her favourite brother's productions approved, and eagerly opening the little manuscripts, exclaimed, "Mama, it begins with an elegy upon poor Tray; will you allow me to read it, for it is *my favorite*?" "By all means," replied Mrs. Rockingham, "yet recollect, that the beauty of poetry in great measure depends upon the manner in which it is read."

An Elegy upon the Death of a favorite Dog.

Companion of my childish days,
And is thy spirit fled?
Or rather is that faithful form,
Now number'd with the dead?

For spirit I well know thou ne'er,
Wast destin'd to possess;
Yet did thy faithful bosom seem
To share in my distress!

And if my breast a sorrow knew,
Or a corroding care,
Thy anxious eye each look would watch,
As if my griefs to share.

But when in frolic mood I stray'd,
How sportive wouldst thou be;
And in the gurgling waves oft plunge,
To bring a stone to me;

Or if the bounding ball I threw,
With eager haste you fled,
And dropp'd it at your master's feet,
By soft affection led.

If tired with exercise, or play,
To some smooth bank I crept,
My faithful friend would never move,
But watch'd me, whilst I slept.

A lesson did poor Tray convey,
To me, and all mankind;
Grateful and faithful, was my dog,
Affectionate, and kind.

Death's iron hand, arrested him,
Whilst he was in his prime;
His lifeless body now is laid,
Beneath the spreading lime!

Then stranger when thou mark'st the spot,
Which now incloses Tray,
Remember that thy life is short,
And fleets, like time, away!

N. Rockingham.

Louisa read those lines both with emphasis and feeling, and coming to the close of them, demanded whether her mother did not even think them *prettier* than those Henry had written upon the departure of George? They

are pretty I allow, my love," replied Mrs. Rockingham, "yet I *greatly prefer* the *first* I heard; for they breathe both filial and fraternal affection; whilst those you have been reading, merely celebrate the *faithful* attachment of a *dog*; and as *man* is, in comparison, as much *superior* to *animals*, as *angels* are to *erring mortals*, we naturally feel an *interest* in any poem which describes the virtues of the former, that it is impossible to experience, when the *latter* becomes the theme."

"Then do you think I was wrong, mama, in endeavouring to celebrate the *faithful* attachment of my dog?"

"By no means, my love," replied Mrs. Rockingham, "indeed I *admire* your attachment to poor Tray; for though *little* or *insensible minds*, may ridicule that affection we display towards the inferior order of created beings, yet those who possess true dignity of feel-

ing, invariably display attachment to the animal race; and Homer that great judge of human nature, re-presents *his hero* as shedding tears, when his faithful dog expired."—

"Soft pity touch'd the mighty master's soul,

"A down his cheek the tear unbidden stole."

"Oh, mama!" exclaimed the delighted Henry, interrupting his mother, "I remember those lines in Pope's *Odyssey*, and it was *Ulysses*, who shed tears, upon the death of his favorite dog."

"And when you wrote this elegy, Henry," enquired Mrs. Rockingham, "did not the sympathy displayed by the sovereign of *Ikica*, occur to your mind?" "No, on my honour, mama," rejoined Henry, "yet I am pleased at the idea of resembling so great a man, in the attachment he felt towards an animal, who like poor Tray,

had invariably displayed attachment to his master."

"But, mama," said Louisa, who was desirous of giving a farther proof of her brother's abilities, "will you not allow me to read some of Henry's *riddles* and *charades*?" for so amiable was this little girl's disposition, that she felt greater pleasure in displaying proofs of her brother's acquirements, than she would have experienced in receiving praise for her own.

"Most assuredly, my dear girl," replied the amiable mother, delighted at such proofs of sisterly affection in the interesting child to whom she had given birth. Louisa re-opened the book and, turning to her mother, said, "But you must try to guess each charade separately, mama." "Very well, but you must let me *hear them*," rejoined Mrs. Rockingham, tapping Louisa affectionately upon the cheek.

Charades.

My first is a place of defence,
 To guard and protect us from foes ;
 My second is gloomy and dense,
 Yet the herald of peace and repose.

My whole to the fortunate seems
 To fly or to fleet fast away ;
 Whilst to the unhappy it seems
 With moments that brings on decay.

Fort-night.

“ Well, mama, do you know it ? ” enquired Louisa embracing her mother, as she concluded the last line. “ You must either imagine that I caught a glimpse of the solution, or give me credit for a greater quickness of conception than I really possess ; ” replied Mrs. Rockingham, smiling at her daughter’s eagerness, then pausing a few moments, she took out her pencil and wrote the word upon the back of a letter ; for as Spoitzkie and the little Russians were present, a request had

been made not to mention the discovery aloud. As Mrs. Rockingham was *right* in her *conjecture*, Louisa requested permission to read another, and having received it she amused the party with the following.—

Charade II.

My first is the soother of anguish and pain,
The sharer of grief and dismay;
Increases our pleasure, and by a soft chain
Is prevented from running away,

The rich, and the weakby, the prond, and the great,
Th's treasure supreme cannot buy;
It disdaineth the pageant of show and of state,
Yet is purchased sometimes by a *sigh*.

My second's, an adjective known to express
A thing that is *small* of its kind;
My whole is the victim of care and distress,
To whom fortune has always been blind.

Friend-less.

This charade having been guessed,
with greater facility than the former,

Louisa proceeded and read the following, concluding with the riddle, which obtained the youthful poet no small share of applause.

Charade III.

My first is the lord of creation ;
 My second notes *time* as it flies ;
 And when the supreme of this nation,
 Sends my *whole* to a culprit, he dies.
Man-date.

Charade IV.

My first is a certain collection
 Of men who together combine ;
 Yet the band of this friendly selection,
 Is nought but a dinner and wine.

 My second perceives that this meeting
 Is often attended with strife,
 And instead of good drinking and eating,
 It thinks of the *close of its life* !

 My whole is a mode of conveying
 Our wishes and wants to a friend,
 When we not approve of delay in g
 Till *speech* its assistance can lend.
Meys-ago.

Riddle.

When the cardinal virtues appeared on the earth,
And vice had not shown its dark face,
From my riddle I found that they all had their birth,
And e'en now 'tis their favourite place.

The spot which call'd virtue and honour to life,
Might be thought to be free from all stain,
Yet, alas ! I have heard 'tis the mansion of strife,
And the region of sorrow and pain.

I've been told all the passions *there find a retreat*,
*Théré/*envy and malice reside ;
There low, petty cunning, and haughtiness meet,
Those emblems of frailty and pride !

Then tell me the name of this complex abode,
Where virtue and vice both appear ;
Say, is it a mansion that's form'd for the good ?
Or is it the *wicked-ones* sphere ?

The Heart.

Though Henry was gratified by
the eulogium bestowed upon him,
yet he acknowledged that he had
been assisted in his ideas, by the
hints given him by Mr. Turner, “ for

"mama," said the unassuming boy, "I think it disgraceful to receive praise which is undeserved, and until my tutor corrected the riddle, there were at least twenty faults."

"Ever, my dear fellow, act with the same *unassuming candour*," replied Mrs. Rockingham, "for, to a feeling mind, applause unmerited, acts like silent reproof." Some domestic concerns at that moment requiring Mrs. R.'s inspection, the conversation consequently closed; and on the following day Miss Hazlemere, according to appointment, returned. Though the reception she met with must have been truly gratifying, for Mrs. Rockingham pressed her to her friendly bosom with as much warmth as if she had been her child, yet so violent was the agitation she experienced, that it was some moments before she was able to speak; and upon her anxious protectress inquiring the cause

of this violent affliction, she learned that Mr. Topping had only left this *near relation* twenty pounds, devoting *near thirty thousand* to the building or endowing a hospital; though the poor orphan had, for the last four months, been a perfect slave to him, and had scarcely enjoyed a single night's repose.

Though Mrs. Rockingham was at once hurt and disappointed, yet, by assurances of eternal friendship, she endeavoured to reconcile the amiable girl to the injustice of her uncle's disposal of his property; but the children witnessing the dejection of their governess's spirits, loudly condemned the cruelty of his conduct; and a sudden thought struck Louisa, which she instantly imparted to her brother. Mr. Orloff, upon taking leave of the young party, had presented *each* with a *new guinea*, and their mother had proposed to them buying a share in the ensuing Lottery.

"Henry," said the amiable Louisa, "it makes me quite unhappy to see Miss Hazlemere's spirits so depressed, and I have just been thinking I should like to spend my guinea in buying her a lottery ticket, we have a home you know, and kind friends to take care of us, and if we got a prize should not know what to do with it."

"But papa would *dispose* of it for us," replied Henry, "yet, indeed, my dear Louisa, I should like to buy Miss Hazlemere a share in the Lottery, and we will not say a word about it to any creature but mamma." And away they flew to request permission to dispose of the money in this liberal manner. The petition was not only readily granted, but half-a-guinea, added by Mrs. Rockingham, and a servant immediately dispatched to Liverpool, to purchase an eight; as the lottery was to begin drawing on the following Monday;

but the generous act was kept a perfect secret from every person in the family. As Matilda had never testified any strong attachment to her governess, she was not invited to become a partner in the generous design, and having seen a new hat at a milliner's, which her mama refused to purchase for her, she requested permission to buy it with Mr. Orloff's present, preferring the temporary gratification derived from a piece of *finery*, to the chance of sharing a thirty thousand pound prize.

CHAPTER IV.

Fortune's depictur'd as a female blind;
 Hence, blessings pour'd upon the callous mind;
 Still, sometimes she is known to glance a ken
 On the *deserving*—and the *best of men*—
 And women too—or *Slaslemare* had ne'er
 Been proved an offspring of her fondest care,
 For when she lost the authors of her birth,
 And seem'd an *outcast*, on this dreary earth,
 Then Rockingham a kind asylum gave,
 Supplied the place of those who in the grave
 Were silent laid—and with parental art,
 Assuag'd the sorrows of her bursting heart;
 A heart, which duty and affection owes
 And with the purest gratitude still glows.

A Fortnight elapsed without any thing
 particular occuring; during which pe-
 riod Mr. Rockingham returned, with

the pleasing intelligence that his son had sailed under the most propitious auspices ; the wind was *fair*—the ship an entire *new one*—the captain a most *pleasant man*—and George, from the moment of his appointment, was to receive a salary of two hundred a year, and to reside in his patron's family, therefore, would incur no other expenses but those of dress. Truly grateful were this worthy pair, to the great author of their existence, for having so bounteously provided for their elder son, for as Mr. Rockingham was neither *infirm* nor *aged*, in all human probability, many, many years would elapse before he came into possession of a patrimonial inheritance.

As Mrs. Rockingham was an early riser, she generally made a point of visiting the *girls school* before breakfast ; and returning one morning from fulfilling this benevolent duty, she was

accosted by a genteel looking man on horseback, who addressing her with a smiling aspect, said "I believe, madam, I have pleasure of accosting Mrs. Rockingham."

"My name is *Rockingham*, sir, yet I have not the satisfaction of recognizing your person." "Probably *not, madam*," replied the stranger, "but I am *cash-keeper* at Messrs. — and Co's Lottery Office, and allow me, madam, to *congratulate you*, upon being a sharer of *twenty thousand pounds*; and to say, that my employers are ready to pay the money on demand."

This intelligence was so truly gratifying to the benevolent heart of Mrs. Rockingham, that it was some moments before she was able to make any reply, at length raising her expressing eyes to Heaven, she silently offered an acknowledgment to the bounteous Giver of every earthly good; then turning to her

informer, she said, "Your intelligence, sir, affords me the most heart-felt joy, for through this unexpected turn in the wheel of fortune, an amiable orphan will be rendered *independent* of the world; you will do me the favor, I trust, of taking breakfast with us, without mentioning the business that brought you to the house; as sudden joy, has frequently been as fatal as excessive grief; and the amiable girl, to whom the ticket *belongs*, does not even *know* it was bought; in fact, it is a *present* to her, from my own children."

The young man refused the invitation, under a plea of business; when Mrs. Rockingham taking a five pound note from her pocket requested his acceptance of it, as a small acknowledgment for the trouble he had given himself; adding, she was sure that Miss Hazlemere would

more *amply reward him*, when she knew the extent of her *good fortune*.

Scarcely had the amiable Mrs. R. through the whole course of her existence, felt a pleasure equal to that which she experienced on this memorable day, and hastening home she flew to her worthy husband to make him a sharer of her joy. Each saw the necessity of preparing the *portionless Miss Hazlemere*, by *degrees*, for the sudden turn in her affairs; which was done by informing her of the generous conduct of their daughter and son; but so faint were the poor girl's hopes of becoming a favorite of fortune, that though she sensibly felt the kindness of her pupils, she said, she considered the money as lost, "for depend upon it, my dearest children," she added, "the blind goddess will never *smile upon me*."

Those only of my young readers who have had the power, and the inclination

of performing a *kind and generous action*, can form an idea of the extatic delight these noble-minded children experienced at being informed, that through their benevolence, the hitherto unfortunate orphan, would come into the possession of near five and twenty hundred pounds. Henry upon hearing it, threw his arms round the neck of his sister, exclaiming "My dear, dear Louisa, it was *your thought!* I feel *happy enough*: but you must be still *more so*, for it is to *you alone*, that Miss Haslemere owes this piece of good fortune."

When this grateful young woman was first made acquainted with the alteration in her circumstances, she *wept and smiled by turns*, and after repeatedly thanking and embracing the sources from whence she derived independence, she made use of the words of a late celebrated Lord Chancellor, and pro-

sing the hands of Henry and Louisa to her bosom, she said, "When I forget the vast obligation you have conferred upon me, my dearest children, may God forget me." Then retiring to her room, with a heart glowing with gratitude she fell upon her knees, and poured forth those spontaneous effusions of emotion, which naturally flow from so good and pious mind.

About a week after the happy change in Miss Hazlemere's circumstances, the anniversary of the *institution* of the *charity schools* occurred; a day which, from the period of their foundation, had been celebrated with the greatest hilarity by its benevolent founder. The objects of his humanity were all decked in new apparel; and instead of breakfasting at their habitations, they all assembled at an early hour, where a long table spread with hot rolls, and plumb buns seemed to invite their appetite.

and at the upper and lower end of the board were seated their respective mistresses and masters, for on this day, the boys and girls met together, and an old blind fiddler and hisson played to them during the meal.

As soon as the table was cleared, the youthful party were honoured with the presence of their benefactors and their children, the latter of whom brought two baskets filled with books and different medals, as a reward to *those who merited these public marks of esteem*. Every face except *one*, wore the smile of contentment, and this was a girl apparently about thirteen, on the bench where she sat lay her *new apparel*, and to her bib was suspended a piece of red cloth, cut in the shape of a tongue, and on it was marked in large letters that disgraceful word *falsehood*. The eyes of all the party seemed directed towards the *offender*, whose countenance displayed

a *sullen moroseness* rather than *penitence*; and upon the mistress being interrogated respecting the nature of the crime she had committed, it was proved to be of the most heinous kind; for though a pair of scissars, of one of her schoolfellow's, had been found in her work-bag, she protested they had been given her by a relation; and though threatened with public disgrace and even dismissal, yet she obstinately persevered in the untruth. Shocked by such a flagrant mark of *irreligion* and *depravity*, Mrs. Rockingham took her reluctant hand, and led her into another room, and by blending *threats* with *persuasive arguments*, flattered herself with the hope this young hardened sinner would be induced to own the fault she had committed; instead of which, she undauntedly protested that the scissars had been given to her by a *near relation*.

The assurance of manner with which

she persisted in this falshood, at length induced Mrs. Rockingham to imagine the school-mistress might have been *mistaken*; and fixing a stedfast eye upon the little culprit, she said, "Well, Patty, I will venture to hope that you have been *unjustly accused*; for I should be deeply shocked at the discovery, that you had, with such *undaunted effrontery*, supported an untruth; for recollect, child, that though you may *impose* upon me by these assertions, you cannot deceive the *Great Inspector* of the human heart, who alone knows whether you have augmented the crime of *thieving*, by the still greater sin of persevering in a palpable *untruth*. You cannot have forgotten the judgment which the Almighty inflicted upon Annanias and Saphira; each of whom were struck dead whilst maintaining a *falshood*; and you may expect to feel the same

mark of your Creator's anger if you *impiously* persevere in denying the truth."

"*Struck dead, ma'am!*" said the trembling Patty Pennington, in a voice almost paralysed by fear. "Yes, struck *dead* upon the *spot*, as a warning to all those who venture to deviate from the *sacred line of truth*;" replied her kind admonisher in an emphatic tone. The paleness of death suddenly overshadowed the hitherto hardened young sinner's countenance, and staggering towards a chair, she faintly articulated, "*Oh, God forgive me!*" and before Mrs. Rockingham could reach her, she fell *apparently* lifeless upon the floor. A shriek from Mrs. Rockingham alarmed the party assembled in the adjoining room—the door was suddenly thrown open, when, as the children entered, their benefactress exclaimed, "Behold the judgment of your Great Creator!"

pointing to the apparently lifeless Patty; "there" continued she, "is a proof of *Divine vengeance*, for a daring *perseverance* in *falsehood*! but, my good friends," turning to the mistresses who stood petrified with horror, "let us use our utmost endeavours to restore this ill-fated girl; for this death-like appearance may have been occasioned by the *touching strings of conscience*, and she may *live to repent*."

The lace of the stays was instantly cut, volatiles administered, and every thing done to reanimate the form of this unhappy girl; and a neighbouring surgeon sent for, who immediately opened a vein. Notwithstanding all this care and attention, near twenty minutes elapsed before the slightest symptom of life could be perceived; when to the joy of those who surrounded her, the at length penitent girl, opened her eyes, and bursting into a

flood of tears, caught the hand of her benefactress, exclaiming, "Oh, dear, dear madam, *pray to God to spare my life!*"

"Compose yourself, my poor girl," replied the humane Mrs. Rockingham, "we will *all* implore the Almighty to pardon your crime; and recollect, Patty, that our blessed Redeemer has told us, there is more joy in Heaven over *one sinner* that repenteth, than over *ninety and nine just persons.*"

"*I do repent! I do repent!*" said the enfeebled Patty Pennington, "but dare I hope, madam, that *you will forgive my crime?*" "Prove your *repentance sincere* by your *future conduct*, and the transactions of this day shall never be named;" replied Mrs. Rockingham, kindly pressing her hand, and leading her to the mistress's bed, which had been previously warmed for her reception, and where the medicine, which

the surgeon had administered, soon threw her into a composed sleep.

Though this awful incident threw a gloom over all the young party, yet after Mr. Rockingham had expatiated upon the wickedness of Patty's conduct, and implored them to let it be a *warning to each*, he desired his son and daughters to display the contents of their baskets, which with paternal kindness he distributed, according to the different claimer's deserts; the remainder of the day was spent in innocent cheerfulness, though the adventure of the morning could not be easily forgotten.

About two o'clock Patty awoke from a quiet slumber refreshed; yet still *weak and languid*; for her sudden indisposition had been produced by the stings of a *reproving conscience*; and the dread of an *all-seeing God's punishment*! though she had frequently read that part of scripture which her bene-

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factress had applicably brought to her remembrance, yet it had not made any impression upon her mind; but when recalled to her recollection by Mrs. Rockingham, she shuddered at the idea of sharing Saphira's fate; and overcome by conflicting emotions, fell senseless at her feet. Her penitence, however, was sincere; and she was truly grateful to that Being, in whose hands *life* and *death* are placed, for prolonging her existence; and resolutely determined to lead a new life.

In less than four months after George's departure, a large packet of letters arrived; those addressed to the amiable authors of his existence were filled with grateful expressions of respect and esteem, and with positive assurances of never being guilty of an action which could disgrace their untarnished name. Mr. Orloff's parental care and kindness he represented as

exceeding the power of description; and as proof that he had liberally supplied his pocket, he sent his mother one of the finest bear's skins the country could produce, to make her a tippet and a muff—to his father two pieces of Russian leather—and to his sisters each the skin of an ermin—to Henry a fur cap, similar to those worn by the inhabitants of the country, with a pair of sandals or shoes used for skaiting.

Each present was accompanied with separate epistle; but as that to Henry and Matilda may be the most interesting to my young readers, I shall for their amusement transcribe them, finding they contain some interesting anecdotes.

“ To Master Henry Rockingham.

“ With pleasure, my dear brother, do I embrace the opportunity of addressing you, through the medium of

Captain Brittle, who has kindly offered to take the charge of my packet. Ah, Henry ! how often have I murmured at the expense my father put himself to, in having the charity children taught writing ; little *then* knowing the gratification he was affording them, by their being able to communicate their thoughts to their absent friends ; but I now sensibly feel the obligations he conferred upon them, and the impropriety of my own conduct.

“ We must be separated from such connections, Henry, to know the true value of their regard, and though when Mr. Orloff made the offer of taking me with him, I felt delighted at the idea of being, as I thought, my own master, I soon felt the want of a mother’s tenderness, and near and dear relations to share all my thoughts. Mr. Orloff has supplied the place of a father to me, and doubtless is very kind ; yet, my

dear brother, no friends can feel for us that interesting solicitude, to which we have been accustomed; but do not suppose, my dear Henry, I am dissatisfied with Mr. Orloff's conduct, for I should be ungrateful if I was; I only mean to impress you with an idea, that children must never expect to receive that *fond* that *kind attention*, which they meet with at home.

"*Dulce Domum!*" Oh, how sweet is the recollection of it! *You*, I am certain, feel the force of the expression; my beloved father used to say, I should at a future period, fully comprehend it, though I then paid too little attention to it. Henry, we are happy beings, in possessing the best parents in the world! yet, unfortunately, I did not know their value—and this reflection often gives a deep pang to my heart; but it shall be my study to render my-

self worthy of their affection, and never commit an action that can disgrace the name I bear.

“ My father of course informed you he saw our ship under sail ; but never shall I forget the sensation I experienced when straining my eyes by looking through the telescope, his respected form was no longer discerned ; and being ashamed of displaying what I feared might be termed *boyish weakness*, I threw myself into my hammock and watered it with my tears. A sickness beyond any thing you can imagine, soon succeeded, in short I fancied myself in a dying state ; how did I then miss the tender solicitude of my beloved mother !—and how often wish myself under her roof again !—three *long, long days* did I remain in that situation, when Mr. Orloff ordered me to be carried upon deck, the sea breeze and

fresh air acted as a charm upon me, during the remainder of the voyage I was perfectly free from sickness.

“And now, my dearest brother, you will expect me to give you some account of the country which I now inhabit, or rather of the *people*; for with the *former*, by reading, I know you are acquainted. The public department which Mr. Orloff fills, compels him to make frequent excursions into the country, as he is what is termed *Inspector General*, and we had not been three days in Petersburg when we quitted it upon one of these excursions, which will account for my not writing immediately upon my arrival. *Hospitality* is a virtue (if I may so term it) universally adopted in this country, for instead of stopping at different inns, during our journey, we uncerimoniously halted at gentlemen's houses, some of whom were personally unknown to Mr. Orloff; yet we were treated with

as much cordiality, as if we had been their most intimate friends.

“I remember my dear father frequently has condemned me for not treating my inferiors with that condescension of manners due to a fellow-creature; but how would his indignation be roused against the Russian gentry, could he witness the imperious manner in which they address those of more humble birth. We may, my dear Henry, condemn the inhuman practice of trafficking for our fellow-creatures; but a gentleman who resided many years in the West Indies assured me, the slaves enjoyed many comforts unknown to the Russian peasantry; in short, it is impossible for an Englishman to form an idea of the abject state of servility to which the peasantry of this country are reduced.

“The pomp and splendour of the higher order, make the contrast between these poor creatures and themselves

the more striking. You know, my dear brother, we were both astonished at the style in which the Marquis of —— lived; but I assure you, on my honour, it is no more to be compared to that of the Russian nobility, than my father's establishment is to that of the Marquis to whom I have just alluded. Mr. Orloff's house for example, might in England be termed a *palace* in point of *magnificence*; it stands upon the banks of the Neva, which runs through this *wonderful metropolis*—by the term *wonderful*, I do not mean you to fancy that it was raised by *magic*; though, that so fine a city should have been formed within so short a period, is a circumstance which, I am told, is unparralleled in the page of history; and fully proves the capability of its royal founder; for little more than a century back, it was a mere morass, occupied by a few fishermen's huts. Yet in this

modern and beautiful seat of Empire, there is a defect which must instantly strike the eye of every stranger ; for a wooden hovel will raise its head amidst a pile of elegant buildings, which as I before observed have the appearance of *palaces*. That the memory of the noble founder of this city is held in the highest veneration, Mr. Cox, and all other historians, have already informed you, and so anxious was I to see the statue* of this potent monarch, that though fatigued by travelling, I requested one of Mr. Orloff's servants to conduct me to the spot, and though I am too young to be a judge of *style* or *proportion*, I think it a master-piece of art.

“In the Cathedral of St. Peter's are

* An equestrian statue of Peter the Great, of a Colossal size, in Bronze, the pedestal of which is a large rock, was erected by Catharine II. in the year 1782, in compliment to the memory of Peter the Great.

deposited the bodies of the greater number of the successive monarchs, who ruled over this extensive empire; but I approached the spot which contained the ashes of the *illustrious Peter*, with sensations it would be difficult to describe; and it may not be unentertaining to you, my dear Henry, to peruse a few of the anecdotes which I have heard recorded of this great prince.

“I am told that the education of this celebrated sovereign, had been very much neglected; which accounts for that undue dominion which he sometimes suffered his passions to obtain over him, yet that he studied the *welfare* of his subjects, beyond that of any other monarch, does not admit of a doubt. The Russians until he came to the *throne* were totally unacquainted with maritime affairs; and think my dear Henry how it must have endear-

ed an Emperor* to those over whom he was destined to govern, to know that he submitted to the most menial offices to increase the greatness of his dominions, and the advantages of commerce. He likewise engaged artists and mechanics from the different countries through which he travelled, to come and settle in his dominions; in short, his reign might be termed the augustine one, for *talents* and *abilities* were certain of receiving reward. Oh! how I wish that our respected father had but been known to this illustrious prince; for the more I see of the world the more confirmed am I in the opinion, that *greatness* and *goodness* were scarcely ever so completely combined.

* It is a well known fact, that the illustrious Peter, during his residence in England and Holland, actually worked in the dock-yards; throwing aside the splendour attached to royalty, and only appearing in the capacity of a private gentleman.

“ Peter did not confine his travels to England and Holland ; and I was told by the son of a gentleman who accompanied him in the tour, that as they were passing through a village a few miles distant from Paris, the Czar was struck by the superior neatness and order displayed in some grounds attached to a small cot ; and stopping his carriage, he inquired of a peasant to whom this little garden of Eden belonged ? ”

“ To the vicar of our parish, one of the best men that ever drew breath,” replied the countryman. The Emperor instantly alighted, and apologizing for his intrusion, entered into conversation with the priest ; from which he learned that the stipend was too small to support a numerous family, but that by the cultivation of a few acres, and the produce of silk-worms, he was enabled to afford them the comforts of life. “ Do not these occupations in-

terfere with your *religious duties*?" inquired the monarch; "If they did," replied the vicar, "my children must share my *poverty*; for I consider the *duties of religion* prior to those of any other; and would not neglect the slightest part of them, to obtain a *diadem*; however Sir, as God has blest me with a *good constitution*, I am happy in being able to procure my *wife and children* the comforts of *existence* by the *labour* of my hands."

"The Czar was so struck by the religious and magnanimous sentiments of the amiable pastor; that he disclosed his hitherto *concealed consequence*, and made the priest such an alluring offer as induced him to settle in his dominions, trusting that the example of this amiable vicar, would induce the *clergy* of his own persuasion, to adopt the same praise-worthy method.

"The Emperor at a vast expense had

made some public gardens for the gratification of his subjects ; but entering them a short time after their completion, he was astonished at beholding them deserted ; and inquiring of the centinels the reason of it, was informed that by the *command* of their *officers*, they had prevented the people from entering. ‘What blockheads!’ exclaimed the angry Emperor; ‘did they suppose I incurred such a vast expense for a mere *selfish gratification*? I formed those gardens for the pleasure of seeing my subjects enjoy themselves; and *your officers* it *seems*, would rob me of the heart-felt delight. Let the gates be instantly thrown open; and remember, the only ~~duty~~ *required* of you, is to keep order and peace.’

“There are many traits in the conduct of this monarch which reminds me of my father ; for *Peter*, like *him*, had an aversion to every species of

pomp and state. ‘Footmen and hirelings,’ he used to observe, “are not only *spies* upon our words and actions, but unfortunately they *embellish, detract from, or misconstrue*, what we say;” and except when dining in public, he was only attended by two young pages.

“I have not yet been presented to the present Sovereigns, though I have seen them twice, for their Majesties, instead of wishing to conceal their royal persons, take frequent opportunities of exposing them to the public, and on certain days, they make a point of gratifying the curiosity and wishes of their subjects by permitting them to see them dine. Last Monday, (the second of December) one of these public exhibitions took place; it was, my dear Henry, what is termed the feast of the Ismail of Guards, and as the late Empress made a point of showing this re-

giment particular marks of distinction, her successor continued the same flattering behaviour. As Mr. Orloff was intimately acquainted with most of the officers of state, I had no difficulty in obtaining admission to a sight which had not *only novelty* to recommend it, but one which was truly gratifying to the mind, for though the Emperor and Empress appeared with all the pomp of royalty, by the condescending sweetness of their manners, they seemed to make every person feel perfectly at ease.

“The late Empress, I find, always sat at the same table with the officers, but the present Emperor and his royal consort, dined at a separate board ; the officers, previous to dinner, were introduced to them according to their respective rank ; and after that ceremony, one of the lords in waiting entered with an immense salver filled with

wine—the Emperor took a glass, drank to the glory of the Russian Empire, and then presented one to each officer, they received it from his hands with profound marks of respect and humility, wishing long life and every other earthly blessing to the royal pair.

“The Emperor and Empress then quitted then the grand saloon, and retired to a magnificent apartment in the same manner in which they had entered, which was, through a line of nobility, each of whom they graciously saluted as they passed. Were I to attempt describing the magnificent dresses of the Russian nobility, I am persuaded, my dear brother would fancy, I had borrowed my description from some fairy tale; for even the gentlemen are perfectly bespangled with diamonds, and as to the ladies, they appeared like so many glittering stars. Yet I am aware that I ought to have deferred this

description, until I began my letter to Matilda, but knowing your partiality to the military, I could not resist the inclination I felt to make you acquainted with the compliment their majesties pay to the *Band of Guards*.

"Of the intense coldness of the atmosphere, I can give you but a faint description; yet you will think it paradoxical when I tell you I am now writing with my waistcoat unbuttoned; for never was the intenseness of a climate so completely counteracted as it is, by the contrivances of the Russians. Though we never see a fire, yet the rooms are infinitely warmer than those of England; they are heated by stoves, or rather by ovens that have pipes, which run horizontally along the walls—to every room there are double doors, and double sashes to the windows, to prevent all admission of air; and when exposed to the inclemency of the wea-

ther, every person who can afford it, is actually enveloped in bear skins, fur caps, which draw over the ears, fur pelisses, and fur boots, comfortably exclude the cold; yet I yesterday dined with a gentleman who, in spite of these precautions, had lost part of his nose. Poor man! he had been partaking a favorite and fashionable amusement, which, knowing your fondness for skating, I am sure you, my dear brother, would enjoy; for though it may seem strange to say, that mountains of ice are raised upon a surface of water, yet to glide down them with velocity is the amusement to which I allude. As soon as the Neva and Volga are completely frozen over, the boars, or rather the *peasantry*, are busily employed in collecting immense quantities of snow, which congealing as it is deposited in large masses form mountains of snow; and to glide down these eminences in

sledges, constructed for the purpose, is a very fashionable amusement at this time of the year. But I have digressed from the subject of my poor *noseless acquaintance*, who, delighted with the amusement, was insensible of the cold, until coming to the end of his journey he was entreated, by some person who perceived the effect, to rub his face with snow; but unmindful of their advice, and terrified at his own situation, he ran towards one of the peasant's huts, demanding *hot water*, with which he began bathing the affected part, and had not his friends interfered, and prevented the continuance of this dangerous regimen, in all probability he would have lost his life.

“ Mr. Orloff in making observations upon this gentleman's misfortune, reminded me of the merciful dispensations of Providence; “ For,” said he, “ to make use of the words of a cele-

brated author,* 'Our *bane* and *antidote* lay both before us.' For though the severity of the climate will bring on mortification, an immediate application of *snow* will stop its progress. You would be no less astonished, my dear Henry, than I was at the sight of a Russian market, where *calves*, *sheep*, *hogs*, and *poultry* of every description, are piled up in large heaps. The poultry are generally killed the latter end of October, and immediately put into large tubs, with a layer of snow placed between them, and in this manner they are preserved for many months. Both the meat and poultry are as callous as marble; but by throwing them into cold water, they gradually thaw; they adopt the same method with their vegetables, and all are as good flavoured, as any I ever ate in England.

* Cato's Soliloquy.

"What an enormous letter have I written to you, my dear Henry; yet I flatter myself you will follow my example, for the most trifling incident will be interesting to the heart of . . .

Your affectionate brother,
George Rockingham."

"To Miss Rockingham.

"With what heartfelt pleasure I address, my dear Matilda, convinced that she will feel an equal gratification, for, as I have just told Henry, we must be separated from our relations, to learn how dear they are to our hearts.

"I think of you continually, my dear Matilda, and indulge the hope that you feel my loss; yet my father I know would condemn me for harbouring what he would term *a selfish thought*: still surely there is something gratifying in the idea of our absence being lamented

by those we love, and I am certain no brother ever loved a sister with more tenderness than I do my dear Matilda. I never partake of any amusement that I think would afford *you pleasure*, without wishing you shared it; and when I see Mr. Orloff's nephew and niece walking arm in arm together, how sincerely do I wish *you* were hanging upon *mine*.

I "Alexandrine Orloff" is about your age, Matilda, and appears to be very amiable, yet there is a dignity in her manners which I do not think my mother would altogether approve. I have heard it termed *pride*, but her behaviour to *me* has always been *affable*; though she is very fond of talking of her ancestors; and she doubtless treats those *beneath* her, with an air of *superiority* that would by no means render her beloved in England. But different countries you know, my dear Matilda,

adopt different manners ; and it seems as if the Russians thought the lower order a distinct species ; frequently has my dear father reproved me for what is termed an overbearing mode of conduct to the servants ; but how would he bear to see the treatment they receive in this part of the world, for the slightest fault they are reprehended with the utmost severity, and if repeated, they are certain of receiving *bodily chastisement* ; even ladies of the first consequence think it no disgrace to give their waiting women a slap upon the face. Notwithstanding these marks of irritability, the Russian ladies are allowed to be perfectly well-bred ; and in gratitude I ought to mention them favourably, for I have received many proofs of kindness from them. Though they all speak the French language, yet they are universally partial to our countrymen ; and their hospitality to strangers is, I think,

unprecedented, though I have heard it is in a particular manner displayed to the English.

"There are many English merchants settled at Petersburg, from several of whom I have received invitations, in consequence of Mr. Johnson having informed them I was the son of one of his most intimate friends. As I have particularly mentioned that gentleman's name in my letter to my dear father, I shall not repeat the civilities I have received to you.

"Just as I had concluded the last sentence, Mr. Johnson entered my room, and informed me he had obtained Mr. Orloff's leave for me to accompany himself and family in a little tour. I was delighted, as you may imagine, at this intelligence; and immediately after breakfast, on the following morning, went to my friend's house; our party consisted of Mr. and

Mrs. Johnson, their eldest son, and only daughter, a nice girl, about thirteen. The carriage might almost be termed an apartment, as it allowed us either to recline or sit in an erect posture at our ease; it was lined with fur; fastened upon a sledge constructed for the purpose, and alternately drawn by horses and rein-deer; as in elevated or declining roads the latter are more safe footed than the former, and fly with a rapidity that is inconceivable. In the tour I had previously made with Mr. Orloff, our business was so urgent, that no time was allowed us to make remarks upon the lower order of people; but Mr. Johnson desirous of giving me an opportunity of seeing the *customs* and manners of different countries, kindly stopped at several of the peasants *huts*, *Houses*, my dear Matilda, would be an improper term to make use of; for they

are formed of poles of surprising length, which are covered over with mud ; in the centre is a hole, as a substitute for a chimney, out of which issues the smoke. Long benches were arranged round the comfortless habitation, on which the family repose ; husband, wife, children, pigs, and poultry ; yet the former not appearing to feel the want of comfort. When the carriage stopped before the abode of the humble inhabitants of these wretched hovels, the master or mistress of them instantly made their appearance, and bending their bodies to the ground, in token of their vassalage and humility, respectfully enquired what were our commands. Mr. Johnson, who speaks the language with fluency, made some trivial excuse for the indulgence of our curiosity, and upon taking leave, always presented our host or hostess either

with a *pottin* or a *ruble*.* On the second day of our excursion, our attention was attracted by a numerous crowd of people, who were assembled before one of the huts I have described; the external appearance of it however, was of larger dimensions than usual; and the little piece of ground attached to it was remarkably neat. Mr. Johnson enquired for what reason the people had assembled; and was informed that the owners of the humble dwelling had recently lost their *only son*, and that the body was going to be carried near two miles distant to be interred. Mr. Johnson proposed our alighting, which was agreed to by the party; when we entered a room divided from the general habitation, in which the body of a youth, about sixteen, lay

* Two Russian coins, the former worth 2s. 3d. and the latter 4s.

exposed. The unfortunate young man, whose death had been occasion by *accident*, was dressed in his best apparel, and the priest was in the habit of sprinkling him with holy water to purify his sins. During this solemn rite, a perfect silence prevailed amongst the party; which was sometimes awfully interrupted by the sobs and groans of his disconsolate parents; but as soon as the priest had fulfilled his office, the whole party burst out into the most violent expression of sorrow, at the same time giving way to the most extraordinary gestulations; such as striking their forehead, tearing their hair, and sobbing upon each other breasts. We followed the melancholy train to the place of burial, as Mr. Johnson had never witnessed a ceremony of the kind. When we arrived there, the priest took out a ticket, signed by the bishop, and placed it between the deceased's thumb

and finger, which I found was a passport for him to the mansions of the blessed. Though the violent grief of the mourners was *striking* it was not *affecting*; but the unfeigned sorrow of the father and mother touched me to the heart; and the youth it seems was truly worthy of their lamentation, for by his merit he had acquired the good opinion of his master; who for some act of *fidelity*, a few months before his dissolution, had made him a present of an hundred rubles, with which he had purchased a little piece of ground contiguous to his father's cottage, and added to it a second room, bought them a pig, and some poultry, and in short, devoted the reward of his *faithfulness* to *their comfort*.

“That such a son must have been an irreparable loss is certain; and when I listened to the account of this amiable young man's conduct, I could not help

feeling an inward reproach; well knowing that for several years, instead of endeavouring to promote the happiness of my indulgent parents, I gave them constant anxiety and uneasiness. I now, my dear Matilda, not only *see*, but *feel* the impropriety of my conduct; or I might have said *ours*, for you know we both fancied that Henry and Louisa were *favorites*, and instead of trying to engage our father and mother's affection, in many instances, were guilty of actions that we know must pain their susceptible hearts. I am now truly sensible of my *misconduct*, and I doubt *not*, my dear sister, but you feel we both have *erred*; you have an opportunity of *regaining* their *good opinion*, but I, alas! cannot enjoy that gratification;

“ You will, I trust, pardon this digression, and allow it not to have been inapplicable; I will now, however, re-

sume the descriptive part of my letter, and inform you that about ten miles from the spot where the funeral rite had been celebrated, we were struck by the appearance of a simple yet elegantly constructed house, and as it caught our attention, Mr. Johnson informed us, he had ordered the drivers to deviate from the general road for the purpose of showing us the building.

‘In that abode’ said he pointing to the habitation, resided the brother-in-law of *Peter the Great*; who, from the humblest station, was raised to the rank of a gentleman, on condition that he never presumed to claim *affinity* to the greatest monarch that ever reigned.’

‘Ah, papa! who would not wish to be handsome!’ exclaimed Francis, ‘for I have heard that Catharine the *First*, was a *charity child*, and that the Czar fell in love with her for her beauty, I

wish when I grow up, some *prince* would fall in *love* with *me*.' 'What a dream!

'But I am grieved at hearing you express such ambitious hopes,' replied Mr. Johnson; 'Frances, and it would break the heart of your father, were you to ascend a *throne* by the means Catharine did; she was lovely, I do not doubt, but unfortunately she was *not virtuous*, for previous to her becoming Empress of Russia, she had lost the brightest ornament she could possess, and as the wife of the dragoon to whom she first united, would in my opinion have been entitled to greater honour, than she was as an Empress. Yet for the misconduct of Catharine I allow, Francis, *many* excuses are to be *made*; and there are many traits in her history which do honor to her heart. Her parents were poor, and consequently *uneducated people*; she was left an orphan at an early period of life; and she

was taken into the family of a clergyman in Livonia, to wait upon his little children, when herself a *mere* child. This kind friend she lost at a moment when his directing council was most necessary; and at the age of sixteen, it is said, she married a dragoon in the Swedish Guards, who was killed in an engagement immediately after his nuptials, and by this fatal accident she lost her protector. A general of the name of Barner, at this period saw her, and struck with the superiority of her charms, induced her to forsake the paths of virtue, and take up her residence near the Court. I shall not trespass upon your time by relating the circumstances which gave rise to her introduction to the emperor; suffice it to say, that previous to her *marriage*, she is known to have been *mistress* to Peter. She, however, conducted herself with so much propriety, and had

obtained such complete ascendancy over this potent sovereign's heart, that he at length determined she should become the partner of his *greatness*, though he had many apparently insurmountable difficulties to conquer. He succeeded we all know, and by this unequal alliance, a Livonian peasant became sovereign of this extensive empire. But let me never hear you, my dear girl, express a wish of rising to a rank so elevated, particularly through the medium that Catharine did. *Beauty* my dear child, often proves dangerous to its possessor; it is a magnet that attracts the *licentious* and *unprincipled*, whilst amiable manners and virtuous principles are at once a *safeguard* and an *ornament* to the female character.'

The tone of voice and manner of this worthy man, so completely reminded me of my dear father, that when we stopped for the night, I could

not resist noting the conversation, and wishing to give you a sketch of Catharine's History, I thought I could not do better than relate it in Mr. Johnson's words.

"Our little tour proved truly delightful; we were absent ten days; each evening we passed at some friends of Mr. Johnson, where we were not only hospitably, but sumptuously entertained. Dancing is a favorite amusement with the Russians, and I am told that I cut no despicable figure in the *waltz*, between ourselves I have taken no little pains to learn it, and I remember my father used to say, every person *might excel* in whatever they took pains to learn. The English Country Dances are likewise in high estimation; and among my music I happened to find a small book of them, which I assure you has given me great conse-

quence amongst the ladies, as they happened to be all new ones.

“ Adieu, my dearest Matilda; I have, you will say, written a volume, and I trust you will follow my example, for you know not the pleasure I anticipate from your letters.—Offer to Miss Hazlemere my kind wishes, and believe me

Your tenderly attached brother,
George Rockingham.”

CHAPTER V.

How oft has charity been known to save
An helpless infant from an early grave !
Yes, mild benevolence—thy soothing pow'r
Has shed a radiance round the ivy'd bow'r,
Where grief and penitence have oft retir'd,
And hope itself, had but for *thee* expir'd ;
And by thy magic spell, the tortur'd breast
Obtain'd tranquillity, relief, and rest !

AS not any thing particular occurred in Mr. Rockingham's family for the space of a few years, I shall merely inform my young readers, that during that period, Matilda did not take pains to conquer the imperfections discoverable during childhood ; whilst the ami-

able propensities in the brother and sister evidently strengthened with their growth; George still remained under the protection of Mr. Orloff, who in every letter written by that gentleman, mentioned him in terms of applause. To the duties of office he paid the most unremitting attention, and conducted himself in such a manner, as to gain universal regard. As the natural seriousness of Henry's disposition led him to make choice of the church, he remained at home under the joint tuition of his father and Mr. Turner.

That want of spirit and emulation, which Frederick had evinced at an early period, seemed rather to increase with years; and at length induced his uncle to send him to a public school; but he had not been six months at Winchester, when an evident alteration in his manners appeared, occasioned, as his uncle used frequently to

tell him, by the appellation he had acquired ; for the boys to distinguish him from one of their school-fellows of the *same name*, called one the *bee*, and the other the *drone*.

Miss Hazlemere continued part of Mrs. Rockingham's family ; and her attachment to her dear little *benefactress*, as she termed Louisa, daily increased ; and she took every means of testifying her gratitude to that amiable child's mother, by regularly devoting the whole morning to the cultivation of ~~Ellen's~~ mind ; who by endeavouring to imitate the example of her cousin Louisa, was universally beloved and esteemed. The little foundling grew a fine bold spirited fellow ; a *plaything*, and *pet*, of all the young party, and the darling of his nurse ; under whose care Mrs. Rockingham determined he should remain until he was five years old ; intending then to place

him at a school in the neighbourhood, chiefly composed of tradesmen and farmers' sons.

All endeavours to trace the authors of the poor little fellow's existence, had hitherto proved unavailing; yet several circumstances had occurred to strengthen Mr. Rockingham's belief, that Peggy Cartwright was his mother; such, as her having contrived to form an acquaintance with the woman who nursed him, and frequently buying him *oranges, cakes, and sugar-plumbs.*

Peggy's father, it has been observed, was one of those austere characters, who contrive to keep all those who are connected with them in awe; and as he increased in years, his temper became so irritable, he could scarcely get a servant to come into the house. Poor Peggy's life became truly miserable; he would not allow her to associate with any of the young women in

the neighbourhood ; and when by the violence of his temper, he had driven away the female domestic, she was compelled to do all the work. A constitution naturally delicate, was incapable of such laborious exertions ; and the unfortunate young woman soon found herself seriously indisposed ; but either fearful her father would not pay the expense of a doctor, or life presenting no *charms*, she suffered in silence, until it was evident her complaint was a *rapid decline*.

Mrs. Rockingham had been accustomed frequently to meet Peggy in her occasional visits to little William's nurse, but not having seen her for a length of time, she asked the good woman, " Why Peggy Cartwright discontinued her call ? " " Oh, God help the poor thing, madam ! I question if ever she will be able to walk so far again ; but when her wicked old father

goes to market, I takes my dear child to see her, for she is mortal fond of him, and when he *plays with*, and *kisses her*, she cries over him ready to break her heart."

"*Cries over him!*" exclaimed Mrs. Rockingham. "Yes, madam," replied the woman, "you can't think how *dearly she loves him*; and it used to be a little change for her to come here, and have a bit of chat; but now you see she can't walk so far, and that's what makes the poor thing cry."

As Mrs. Rockingham perceived the nurse had no suspicion of the *cause* of Peggy's *attachment* to the little foundling; she merely said she was concerned she had not sooner been made acquainted with her indisposition; adding, that she would immediately walk to Farmer Cartwright's, and inquire after his daughter's health. The pallid countenance and emaciated form of the un-

fortunate young woman, at once shocked and astonished Mrs. Rockingham, and a cough that seemed to threaten dissolution from its violence, gave an acute pang to Mrs. Rockingham's susceptible heart.

"You surely have some advice for that *cough*, my dear?" said Mrs. Rockingham, tenderly taking Peggy's burning hand. "My father, madam, has no *opinion* of *doctors*," replied the patient sufferer, and says, "there is nothing so good for me as *air* and *milk*; but my stomach is too weak to bear the latter, and as to *walking*, I have not *strength*." The door at that moment opened, and the unfeeling Mr. Cartwright entered with "Your sarvant, madam; how does the squire and all the young gentlefolks? Won't you please to be seated?" "My *family* are all *well*, I thank you Mr. Cartwright;" replied Mrs. Rocking-

ham coolly; "but I am grieved at seeing your daughter so extremely ill, and astonished at finding you have not endeavoured to lessen her sufferings; that cough is really *dreadful*; why do you not send for Doctor D—?"

"Her cough is baddish to be sure," rejoined the selfish mortal; "but then she is so obstinate, she won't drink plenty of *new milk*; and Lord bless your soul! if you was but to go into my sheep-fold you'd hear many on 'em cough a *deal worse*; and as to Doctors, I thinks um, no better than a *pack of pickpockets*, and if I was bad, I'd sooner drink *sour small beer*, than take any of their stuffs."

Much more conversation passed between the *humane* Mrs. Rockingham, and the *inhuman* farmer; from which, she discovered that his antipathy to the faculty proceeded entirely from not chusing to incur any expense; and to

obviate which, she informed him, Doctor D— was her particular friend; that she expected him on the following morning, and would bring him to the farm; adding, that whatever medicine he might think proper to order, should not be attended with any expense to him. Satisfied on that head, he muttered something like an acknowledgment, but in very ungracious terms; and as soon as Mrs. Rockingham reached home she dispatched a servant to the Doctor, requesting to see him on the following morning, and immediately gave orders for a large bowl of jelly to be sent the invalid.

The Doctor at the appointed time attended the summons; and accompanied Mrs. Rockingham to the farm; but upon taking leave of his ill-fated patient, informed her kind friend, he had never witnessed a more “Hopeless case. In short, my dear Madam

(said he) the disease is making such rapid progress, that I do not believe the poor young woman will be alive this day week. Her lungs are completely ulcerated; and I have every reason to suppose, that by the violence of coughing, the ulcers upon her lungs will break; instant suffocation must then be the consequence, therefore it is highly improper she should be left one moment alone."

Though Mrs. Rockingham had foreseen eminent danger, yet she had no idea the *being*, in whose *fate* she had felt so warm an interest, was so near the close of existence; and upon taking leave of Doctor D—, she informed him she thought it a duty incumbent upon her to prepare the poor sufferer for her approaching fate; and likewise to see a proper person was engaged to attend her, in the capacity of *nurse*. For this purpose the benevolent Mrs. Rocking-

ham quitted her skilful companion before she reached home ; and returning to the farm met little William about an hundred yards from the house.—

“ Where are you going, my dear boy ? ” said she, as the child flew towards her.

“ We be going, Madam, to see poor Peggy Cartwright,” replied the nurse, “ for the shepherd called this morning to say as how, she sadly wanted to see my *little Willy* ; and though I does not know how to spare the time, as I was at the wash tub, yet I did not like to disappoint him, for he has been crying and fretting for a matter of these two hours, he has took such an *unaccountable fancy* to her.”

“ It was very kind of you, nurse, to comply with William’s wishes,” rejoined Mrs. Rockingham, “ but very wrong in you William to cry and teaze poor nurse ; however as you are busy I will conduct him in safety as I am

going to the farm." The nurse took leave with many acknowledgments to madam for her condescension, and giving her little pet strict charge to be good, tripped lightly over the meadows anxious to be again at the washing tub.

When Mrs. Rockingham re-entered, she found the invalid extremely exhausted from a violent fit of coughing, and the maid bathing her temples with some vinegar, as she had complained of extreme faintness. Her pallid hue corresponded with her feelings; but the moment she beheld little William, a hectic glow of pleasure overspread her snowy cheek, and stretching out her hand, she said, "My sweet little fellow, are you come to see poor Peggy before she *dies*?"

"No you must *not die*; you must not go into the *pithole*; I shall cry sadly if you do; here, take this, I saved it on purpose for you; I know it will do

your cough good." Taking from his pocket a piece of sugar candy, and extending it towards her lips.

"*My dear, dear boy,*" said the patient sufferer, in a low tone of voice; then raising her azure eyes to Heaven, she implored the Almighty to *bless* and protect him; apparently forgetful that any person was present; but perceiving the eyes of Mrs. Rockingham intently fixed on her, she burst into a flood of tears. The little William gazed upon her with a mixture of sympathy and astonishment, seldom displayed by children of his age; and Mrs. Rockingham observing an old woman pass by with apples and oranges, gave him sixpence to regale his appetite. A pause of some few moments succeeded, when the benevolent friend of the invalid took her trembling hand, saying, "*My dear girl,* will you not attribute it to idle curiosity if I ask you whether there is

any particular cause for your attachment to *William?*" Peggy concealed her face with a handkerchief, her bosom heaved as if labouring under some painful secret; and when she became more composed and seemed endeavouring to reply to the interrogation, the words actually died away upon her lips. "I would not distress you for the universe;" continued Mrs. Rockingham, in a still softer tone of voice—"but I have entertained singular ideas; respecting the child we have fostered; in short, my dear young woman, I have frequently imagined *you* could inform me whether his mother is living or dead?" She paused as if waiting for an answer, and finding none was given, proceeded; "I conjure you to consider that the future interest and happiness of this apparently orphan little fellow, may be greatly promoted by Mr. Rockingham and myself knowing *who*

are the *authors* of his *birth*; for though my generous husband hitherto has been a father to him, yet recollect he has children of his own; and though he means to bind him apprentice to some useful business, yet he must *afterwards* depend upon his own *industry* for *support*."

"I know it, madam, too well;" replied the agitated Peggy Cartwright, "but oh, Madam! could you know the grateful feelings of my heart, for the kindness you and your honoured husband have shewn that innocent little darling, who suffers, I may say, for his father's faults, you would not then, madam"—— at this moment the farmer entered, and with more tenderness than Mrs. Rockingham had ever heard him address his daughter, said, "He was sorry to hear the doctor thought her so *mortal bad*; God knows, child," continued he, "I never thought nothing about *your dying* from that there

nasty cough; and poor as I am, I would willingly give the doctor the best hundred guineas he ever clapped eyes upon, *if so be*, he would promise to *cure you*."

Even in this callous breasted man, the powerful impulse of *nature* not only softened the ferocity of his temper, but conquered the sordid selfishness of his heart; and as he made the declaration, he wiped away the starting tear with the sleeve of his coat. Mrs. Rockingham perceiving the effect the incautious farmer's speech had made upon his daughter, whose countenance became even paler than it was before; and in tremulous accents she implored her father to inform her, *how long* the doctor thought it likely she might live.

Mrs. Rockingham alarmed least he should candidly answer the awful enquiry, said, "My dear Peggy, *that is a question which no human being is able*

to solve ; for life and death, my poor girl, are both in the hands of our Great Creator ; and *he alone* knows when the *latter* is to occur. You doubtless are very ill, but the Almighty is *all sufficient*, and if he thinks proper, can restore you to the enjoyment of health, but as death is the certain lot of *all*, we should endeavour to meet it with fortitude, and by a well spent life, be always prepared to render up our great account. *Perfection* in creatures born to frailty will not be expected ; our blessed Saviour mercifully offered his precious life as an atonement for our sins ; he knows our weaknesses—he pities our infirmities—and he will intercede for all the *repentant* sinners at the throne of grace. What a glorious prospect, my dear Peggy, does christianity present to our view ! for a few years of *trial* and *suffering*, an *eternity* of *bliss* ! When this corruptible shall have put on in-

corruption, and this *mortal* shall have put on *immortality*.

“How soothing to the afflicted mind, how reviving to the drooping spirits, are these interesting and consoling words, ‘Come unto *me* all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.’ And we are assured in that if with penitential hearts, and a lively faith we implore forgiveness it will be granted; for our Saviour said to the thief who *intreated* pardon and *intercession*; ‘*This day* shalt thou be with *me* in *Paradise*.’”

Near an hour was spent in this kind of conversation; and Mrs. Rockingham perceiving the farmer not likely to retire, informed him she wished to have a few minutes private conversation with his daughter. The too-late affectionate father arose hastily, and apologizing for intrusion, quitted the apartment, saying, “God grant, madam,

you may be able to cheer my poor girl's down cast mind, for somehow or other I can't help thinking that she has some *secret cause of grief.*"

"Indeed, my dear Peggy, I am of your father's opinion," said Mrs. Rockingham tenderly taking the invalid's hand, and intreating her to confide the source of her inquietude, to the bosom of a sincere friend. For some minutes Peggy remained totally silent, her handkerchief was placed before her eyes, and her palpitating bosom proved the distressed state of her mind; but at length summoning resolution, she *acknowledged* that little *William* was her child. Mr. Edwards, whose name has been mentioned in the former part of this history, as a man destitute of all religion and moral principles, had, when Peggy was about fifteen, been intimate with her father, and had taken every means in his power to obtain the affec-

tion of this *artless girl*. His person was handsome, his manners were engaging, and Peggy consented to a *private union*; for a quarrel having taken place between him and her father, the impetuous Cartwright forbade him the house, and informed his daughter that if ever he knew her speak to this detested being, he would instantly turn her out of doors.

With no female friend to advise, without a mother to admonish her, the unfortunate girl consented to become the wife of the unprincipled Edwards, yet knowing the violence of her father's temper, she had not *resolution* to *acknowledge* her *fault*, and the sudden death of the man who had vowed to cherish and protect her, rendered her situation truly deplorable. Within a short time of the little William's birth, a sister of Peggy's mother, who resided at a village a few miles distant from

Mr. Rockingham's, obtained Mr. Cartwright's permission for her niece to pass a few weeks at her house. To this relation Peggy intrusted the secret of her *private marriage*, and she kindly promised to protect the babe from its birth ; but as if the Almighty resolved to punish an act of *artifice* and *disobedience*, the poor woman died in less than a month after William was born. The unfortunate girl's situation was then truly pitiable ; she had lost the only friend in whom she could confide ; to brave the resentment of her father was impossible ; and her first idea was to go begging with her child.

The house in which her deceased aunt had lived happened to be *alone one* ; and except an old woman, who acted as servant, and the surgeon, no one knew of William's birth, for at the time of his sister's death, Farmer Cartwright (fortunately for his daughter) was con-

fined with the gout. To this old woman, Peggy imparted her resolution of begging her bread to support her child, but disapproving her plan, she advised her to put him in a basket, and place him in the situation which has been described.

Mrs. Rockingham listened to the recital of the penitent Patty, with the most interesting solicitude, and when she came to the close of it, said, "Dry your tears, my dear girl, you have been *culpable*, I allow, but *not criminal*, and your father I am persuaded, will pardon your offence."

"Oh, madam, I implore you to confide my secret to your bosom!" exclaimed the terrified young woman, falling upon her knees, "you know not the inveterate hatred my father has to the very *name* of *Edwards*, and my disobedience would fall upon the head of my *innocent child*." Tears and sobs

prevented her from proceeding, and Mrs. Rockingham with difficulty raised her from the prostrate position, calming her mind by an assurance that she would *not* betray the confidence which had been reposed in her, *unless* she was *persuaded* that the farmer would readily pardon an act of disobedience.

"*I* know him *too-well*, madam," replied the agitated Peggy. "Well, leave all things to *me*;" rejoined Mrs. Rockingham, "and God bless you, my dear girl." As this amiable woman was musing upon the singular intelligence which had been communicated, she overtook Farmer Cartwright and little William walking hand in hand; and perceiving the former to be listening with apparent pleasure to the artless observations of the latter, she said, "That is a *sweet* little fellow, is he *not*, my *honest friend*?"

"He be one of the most engaginest

children, I ever knew in my mortal days;" replied Cartwright, "the woman who nursed him, often comes to our house for a drop of skim milk, and the young rogue always seemed to have a sort of *fancy* to me, but I never took much notice of him until this morning, and somehow or other, I feels a sort of liking for the boy, just as if he was my own *flesh* and *blood*."

"And so I am like your own *flesh* and *blood*," exclaimed the artless William, placing his little fat hand in that of the farmer's. "Look, God-mama," an appellation by which he always addressed Mrs. Rockingham, "is not *my flesh* and *blood* like Mr. Cartwright's?" "I wish to my soul it was so;" said the farmer emphatically, "for madam, the doctor tells me, my poor girl has not many weeks to live; and there is something very shocking in being left to the wide world without a friend,

or a *child*, at a time of life when one wants *some one* to take care of one, as a body may say."

"*I will take care of you* when I *grow big*, if you will but *let me*," rejoined William, kissing the farmer's rough hand as he made the declaration. This appeared a most favourable moment to Mrs. Rockingham, and she resolved to avail herself of it; and in the most judicious manner she disclosed the secret with which she had been so recently entrusted; having first prefaced her conversation by requiring a sacred promise from Mr. Cartwright, not even to give his daughter the most distant *hint* of what she was going to tell him, unless *authorized by her permission*.

Attentively did the amiable Mrs. Rockingham watch the countenance of her auditor, whilst relating the important intelligence; and had the plea-

sure of observing that though it was strongly marked with *astonishment* there were no traces of resentment.

“ The Lord be good unto me ! ” exclaimed the farmer, as the relator made a pause ; “ well to be sure, madam, it is what I calls *nater*, that made me take a sort of fancy to *that there boy*, but as to the *father* of *him*, why he was the good for nothingest dog that ever lived, and rather than have given my consent that Peggy should have married him, I would have followed her to the grave.”

“ I fear, my good friend, you will *too soon* have that *melancholy duty* to *perform*,” replied Mrs. Rockingham wishing to keep his sensibility alive, “ and however just the *cause* you have to despise the memory of that artless child’s *father*, the slightest agitation would inevitably *hurry* the *poor mother* to the grave.”

“ *I never had a father !*” said the little fellow in a plaintive accent, “ But you have a *grandfather*, who will make a *man of you*, if you be a *good boy*,” rejoined the honest farmer, catching the child in his arms, and letting a tear of genuine sensibility fall upon his ruddy cheek. “ Don’t cry, Mr. Cartwright, I can’t bear to see *nobody cry* ; and my pretty Peggy often cries sadly, when she kisses me, though I never do; nothing to vex her, no more I has to vex you.”

This proof of feeling in the lovely child, completed the interest he had already gained in the bosom of his grandfather ; who declared that as his poor girl had not long to remain in this world ; she should enjoy the society of her child ; and intreated Mrs. Rockingham to return to the farm, and inform her that he was resolved immediately to *adopt the boy* ; and that, as it was

necessary she should have a proper proper person to take care of her; he would instantly go and engage William's nurse.

The excessive joy which the poor girl felt at the unexpected intelligence which Mrs. Rockingham imparted, almost overcame her weak frame; but recovering herself a little, she returned the Almighty, and her kind intercessor the thanks of a full and grateful heart; and when the physician called on the following morning, he found her so much better, that he thought the medicines he had ordered, had worked a miracle, and even began to entertain a hope of preserving her life. The sensibility of her nature however had preyed too deeply upon the delicacy of her constitution for human skill to be of essential avail; for she had felt so much remorse of conscience, at having married without the *consent* of her *parent*,

and so much sorrow at being deserted by the *man*, who had induced her to be guilty of so reprehensible a deed ; that though the delight she experienced at receiving her father's forgiveness, and hearing him sacredly promise to *protect her child*, seemed for a short time to renovate her exhausted body, yet in less than a week after William was proclaimed Mr. Cartwright's grandson, his ill-fated mother died ; leaving a fatal memorial behind her, of the misery which arises from *acting without a parent's advice*.

The death of poor Peggy was universally deplored by all her acquaintance, or I ought to have said *friends*, for so gentle and conciliating were her manners, that every creature who knew her, would have been happy to render her a service. All Mrs. Rockingham's young family attended the funeral, and watered her grave with tears ; but

Henry and Louisa were more deeply affected than is in the power of language to express. That amiable boy upon returning home, locked the door of his apartment for the purpose of paying an additional tribute to the memory of the ill-fated young woman, and Mrs. Rockingham suspecting in what manner he was occupying himself, requested to be admitted, for the purpose of furnishing him with a few hints. Several days elapsed before the diffident young poet could produce any thing that he thought would meet with his mama's approbation ; who had requested him in describing the amiable traits in Peggy's character; not to avoid mentioning her *faults*. " For much," said she, "as I loved and pitied that ill-fated young woman, I could not be blind to *that* ; and if you were *merely* to celebrate her *virtues*, it would appear a kind of sanction to others to

commit an *act of disobedience*." How Henry succeeded in his attempt at Elegiac poetry, the following lines will prove ; but he certainly deserved credit for so strictly obeying the advice he had received from his mama.—

Elegiac Lines on the Death of an amiable young Woman.

Within this hallow'd spot of earth,
Is Margaret's narrow bed ;
Like a sweet flow'r she bloom'd awhile,
Then droop'd her languid head.

The rose in all its loveliest hue
Could not with her compare ;
Nor was the lily, cygnet white,
So delicately fair.

Untutor'd she, in guile, or art,
But yet by ART betray'd ;
For Hymen forg'd an iron chain,
To bind the love-sick maid.

No parent's sanction bless'd the vows,
She at the altar swore ;
And he, to whom those vows were made,
Soon left her to deplore

That want of duty and respect
Which is a parent's due ;
And sorrow from that fatal hour,
Kept Margaret in view.

The bloom of health soon fled her cheek,
The lustre left those eyes
Where soft expression us'd to dwell ;
And tears succeeded sighs.

Her fragile form could not sustain,
The load 'twas doom'd to bear,
And this ill-fated wife became
The victim of despair.

But for this one mistaken act,
Had Margaret been rever'd ;
For virtue glow'd within her breast
And made her name endear'd.

Ye, thoughtless young, who read these lines,
Be warn'd by Margaret's fate ;
And let each parent's judgment guide
Each action ere too late.

So much pleased was Mrs. Rockingham with the above specimen of her son's poetic abilities, that she resolved

to shew them to Farmer Cartwright, who requested permission to have them engraven upon his daughter's tomb; to which the diffident Henry strongly objected, but as his mother united her intreaties, his scruples were at length overcome.

CHAPTER V.

By Education's guiding hand, the youthful mind is taught,
To feel its dignity—and soars to brilliancy of thought!
Tho' noble actions must obtain the public meed of praise,
Yet all the heroes that e'er wore the circling wreath of bays,
Allow that *education* fir'd their breasts with *love of fame*,
Then may each youth in Albion's Isle revere its very name.

THOUGH the little William still resided at his grandfather's yet his amiable benefactress still considered him as under her maternal care; and though the old gentleman parted from him with great reluctance, she at length persuaded him to place the child at a neighbouring

school, where he soon evinced such uncommon brilliancy of parts, and such an eager thirst after knowledge, that Mrs. Rockingham felt persuaded he would make a brilliant figure in the world.

Frederick after having about two years at Winchester, became as fond of study as any boy in the school; and that inertness or rather apathy of disposition, which had so peculiarly marked his childhood, was succeeded by a desire of excelling in whatever he undertook. It has been observed in the early part of this history, that Frederick's father left both himself and sister a very ample fortune; a circumstance Mr. Rockingham thought proper to conceal from the *farmer* in *particular*, lest a knowledge of independence should increase that indolence to which he was naturally prone. It must likewise be remembered that a gentleman

of the name of *Mansel*, was left joint-guardian with Mr. Rockingham to these orphan children; but conceiving he had fulfilled his duty by placing them under the care of their uncle, no personal intercourse had taken place between the guardians for several years. From Mr. Mansel being a Russian merchant, he occasionally visited that country; in consequence of which a sincere regard had subsisted between the gentlemen, and was the means of inducing Mr. Edward Rockingham to place his children jointly under his friend's and brother's care.

On the day that Frederick completed his fifteenth year, Mr. Mansel unexpectedly arrived at Mr. Rockingham's, for the purpose of informing that gentleman, he thought it time to fix upon some profession for his ward; "for my dear sir," said he "however affluent a young man's fortune may be, I think

he ought to have some object in pursuit." As Frederick's uncle perfectly coincided in this opinion, Mr. Mansel immediately proposed giving him a *share* in his *mercantile concerns*, provided the young gentleman had no fixed dislike to the plan.

As it happened to be the vacation, Frederick was personally consulted; and as a desire of revisiting his native country had long been the inhabitant of his breast, he embraced the proposal with all the avidity natural to his age. Every thing was therefore immediately arranged for this new connection; an attorney employed, and articles drawn up for the young man's name to be *affixed* to the firm; but with this condition, that he was to remain two years longer at Winchester; and during that period apply himself closely to his studies, and particularly to acquiring a perfect knowledge of the Russian language.

As in a public school, the classics are the chief object, it was agreed that Mr. Mansel should engage a kind of private tutor for the young merchant, who was to attend him at those hours in which he would not be required to be in the college. This matter being arranged without any difficulty, from Mr. Mansel's personal acquaintance with several Russians who resided in London, Frederick returned to Winchester, accompanied by his uncle, and his new instructor, as the former thought it necessary to make the gentleman under whose immediate care Frederick had been entrusted, acquainted with his future plans.

Scarcely five months had elapsed after this arrangement, when, one morning at breakfast, a letter, the superscription of which was unknown to Mr. Rockingham, was put into his hand; "*What new correspondent have*

I here ?" said he, in a jocose accent, "surely no fair damsel has fallen in love with an *old man*; it certainly comes from a *female*, and I am eager to view the contents." So saying he opened the letter, perused and re-perused it again; then clasping his hands together, exclaimed, "Great God !" and hastily rising from the table, hurried out of the room. The amiable partner of his joys and sorrows instantly followed him, alarmed by the tone of voice in which he had uttered this unusual ejaculation, and soon found the letter contained the melancholy intelligence of Mr. Mansel being a *ruined man*.

"Our poor Frederick is doubtless involved in this unexpected calamity !" exclaimed Mrs. Rockingham, as she anxiously gazed upon her husband's intelligent countenance; "and our dear, dear *Ellen*, will, I fear, *participate*

in his *luckless fate*!" replied Mr. Rockingham, "for from their unprincipled guardian residing in the metropolis, I endowed him with the power of placing her fortune either in the *three* or *five per cent.*

"The letter which had occasioned so much real inquietude to the amiable Mr. and Mrs. Rockingham, was written by Mrs. Mansel; and though she endeavoured to represent the state of her husband's affairs in as favourable a manner as possible, it appeared evident, that his fortune had become a perfect *wreck*. In a situation so alarming, the slightest delay might be dangerous; Mr. Rockingham therefore resolved to set off for London immediately, for the purpose of trying whether any exertion on his part, could preserve the property of his beloved wards.

Upon investigating the affairs of the imprudent Mr. Mansel, it was found

that he had ruined himself and those with whom he was connected, by embarking both *his* and *their* property in a speculating scheme; which not answering his expectation, had swallowed up an ample fortune, which, by honest industry, he had been accumulating. So certain of *success* was this injudicious man, that he had embarked part of Ellen's property in erecting this air-built castle; and so great was his remorse upon finding all his hopes frustrated, that in a moment of desperation he quitted the kingdom; leaving his affairs in a state of the utmost embarrassment, and his unfortunate wife overwhelmed with despair. Three joint partners, besides Frederick, were sharers in this calamity; and aided by their assistance, Mr. Rockingham brought order out of confusion; but melancholy to relate, by investigating the whole transaction, he discovered that the

greater part of his nephew's fortune was *irretrievably gone*; and that the injury his niece had sustained by the imprudence of her guardian amounted to near *six thousand pounds*.

As the name of Mansel and Co. still retained respectability in Russia, Mr. Rockingham thought it most advisable to pursue the original design, and send his nephew over to that country as soon as he had completed his studies. As poor Frederick never knew the exact sum his father had left him, Mr. Rockingham thought it better not to make him acquainted with the extent of his loss; he was therefore merely informed that Mr. Mansel had embarked in a scheme which had *ruined his own fortune*, and materially injured that of those with whom he was concerned.

Every letter which arrived from George was calculated to increase the

happiness of his amiable parents; he was not only beloved by his acquaintance but seemed to be a favorite of fortune; for Mr. Johnson, the gentleman whose name was so particularly mentioned in that amiable young man's *first letter*, formed such an attachment to him, that he offered to make him *acting-partner* in his house; and Mr. Orloff aware of the superior advantages of the situation, readily consented to the proposal.

George had commenced merchant near a twelve month, when the unexpected misfortune occurred to his cousin: and to prove the goodness of his heart, and display the soundness of his understanding, I shall copy a letter which Frederick received from him by the first ship which sailed from Russia, after he became acquainted with the melancholy intelligence.

" *To Mr. Frederick Rockingham.*

" My dear Frederick,

" I have this moment received a letter from my beloved and revered father, the first which I ever perused with any other sensation than joy, but the account of the misfortune which has so unexpectedly overtaken you, fills my breast with the deepest concern.

Yet do not suffer your mind to be depressed, my dear fellow, by the alteration which has taken place in your circumstances ; *time* reconciles us to the heaviest calamities ; and all misfortunes are supportable but *those we bring* upon ourselves. Besides, my dear Frederick, the world lies before you ; you have *youth, health, and friends*, to conduct you through life ; and with such *auxiliaries*, what difficulties may not a man overcome ? Amongst the *latter*, I

trust you will ever rank *me*, and consider me in the light of a *brother*, who by having a few more years over his head, has acquired a little more experience, and may therefore, in some instances, be capable of giving *you advice*.

“ That you are likely to visit this country, affords me the most heartfelt pleasure ; in short, I want nothing to complete my happiness but the society of my *dear* relations ; yet we must all have a something to *want* and *wish* for, or we should become too much attached to this world. If any thing could compensate for the loss of *my family*, it would be the affectionate kindness with which I am treated by the master and mistress of the house I now inhabit ; for Mr. and Mrs. Johnson not only treat me with every external mark of civility, but in every respect as if I was their son,

With the house of Mansel and Com-

pany, Mr. Johnson has had several mercantile transactions, and he desires me to assure you, that upon your arrival, he shall feel much pleasure in promoting your interest by that experience he has acquired, from having been an inhabitant of Russia upwards of twenty years, and with what secret satisfaction shall I impart to you, my dear cousin, the little knowledge I have been able to obtain.

“ Though maxims are considered as a proof of want of education, yet I cannot help referring to *one*, which at the present moment strikes me ; namely, ‘ That two persons of *one trade never agree* ;’ but as our mercantile concerns do not interfere with each other, I have every reason to hope we shall long continue friends. Our trade is connected with the Chinese ; and of course all our commodities are sent by carravans, which having dislodged their burdens,

are again laden with *gold, tea, silk* and *cotton*, in return for the produce of this country, but furs, of different kinds, are most acceptable to them. We likewise carry on a trade with the Tartars, and in return receive curled lambskins, and India silks; and to Persia, from whence we receive the latter article in a raw state; therefore from this statement, my dear Frederick, you will perceive our interests are totally unconnected.

“The exports from this country to England are various; and as your interest is deeply concerned in them, it may not be unentertaining to enumerate them; and as *health*, is dearer to a man than *fortune*, I shall commence my description, by specifying our *drugs*, the chief of which are *musk* and *rhubarb*, though there are several others of inferior note. Our *furs*, (you will smile at the appellation) but recollect

I am now a *Russian merchant*, and therefore mention the commodities of this country as if I was a *native*; well then the *furs*, my dear fellow, are a principal article of commerce; in addition to which we export iron, copper, sail-cloth, hemp, flax, linen, and thread, red leather, pitch, tar, wax, tallow, honey, isinglass, linseed oil, pot-ash, soap, train-oil, feathers, hogs-bristles, and timber of various kinds.

“ These, my dear Frederick, are the principal articles of exportation from this country, which since the reign of the immortal Peter, has acquired a degree of importance in the commercial world, unprecedented in the annals either of *Ancient* or *Modern History*. Before this magnanimous sovereign ascended the throne of Russia, *Archangel* was the only port which opened a communication with the different ports of Europe, but to prove to you the

astonishing increase of commerce, by the judicious regulation of that great prince, there are now thirteen; namely, *Archangel, Petersburg, Riga, Revel, Pernean, Norva, Wibourg, Fredericksham, Astracan, and Kola*; besides several others which have been opened since the unjust usurpation of that extensive tract of country which belonged to the unfortunate King of Poland. if I describe Russia as being favorable to commerce, how much more so is our native country; though, unfortunately, too many of its inhabitants do not properly estimate the blessings they enjoy.

Every article of English manufactory is held here in high estimation; and I am persuaded if a young man was inclined to make trading voyages, alternately, from hence to England, merely with necessary and fashionable articles of dress, he might, in a very few years, realize an independant, if not an ample

fortune. Yet do not suppose, my dear Frederick, I am going to recommend you to become an itinerant provider of apparel, either for your *own*, or the *fair* sex ; I merely made the observation to convince you of the certainty there is of a young man making a rapid fortune in the mercantile line, if he has even a very small property to begin with ; provided he is *attentive, prudent and industrious.* I have only one-fourth of the profits arising from our mercantile transactions ; yet, my dear cousin, should you want a few hundred pounds upon your arrival, I shall have a secret satisfaction in supplying you with them, and shall consider your acceptance of this offers, as one of the strongest proofs you could give me of your esteem.

“ Though the memory of the illustrious Peter is held in veneration by all ranks of people, yet those in the mercantile line, have the greatest reason

to respect it, for it was Peter who laid down a plan for the extension of commerce, and gave encouragement to those who exported goods from foreign countries into his. Though that Prince liberally rewarded merit wherever he discovered it; yet in his private expenses he was a strict œconomist; and I was informed by a gentlemen whose father was page to him, that he would even wear darned stockings. A courtier one day observing this defect in his majesty's apparel, expressed his astonishment at such a mark of humiliation, 'And why,' replied the Czar, 'should I not wear my stockings mended, if, they will last me another year?' Another instance this same gentleman gave me of the liberality of that monarch's sentiments, and of his *aversion* to every *species of detraction*; for a nobleman having related several circumstances that were prejudicial to the fame of an

absent acquaintantance, the Emperor patiently listened for some time to the discourse, then addressing himself to the company, said, ‘ Is there not a *fair side* also, in the character of the person just spoken of? Come, tell me, I beseech you, what *good qualities* you have *remarked* in *him*?’

“ This anecdote reminded me of my beloved father, whom we have so frequently heard testify his disapprobation whenever *detraction* became the subject of conversation. The Russians however are by no means addicted either to satirizing the failings, or depreciating the merits of each other; this may perhaps proceed from a natural taciturnity, or from the pleasure they take in conversing upon more *serious subjects*. Though learning and literature were two centuries back, scarcely known in this vast empire, yet during the reign of Catharine, they met with such

unprecedented support, that some of the brightest geniuses were drawn hither, as by a focus, and superior abilities, of every denomination, were certain of meeting with reward, for the humblest mechanics, if endowed with inventive faculties, were as certain of acquiring competence by their exertion, as the greatest statesman was of being elevated to an important post. The present Emperor likewise takes every opportunity of testifying respect for every species of *talent*; and that cloud of ignorance which overshadows the lower order, is in some degree dispersing, as public schools are now establishing in many of the principal towns. Vassalage however is never likely to be abolished in the Emperor's dominions; at least whilst the higher classes have the power of making their inferiors feel the force of that authority which the Legislature puts into

their hands ; for those oppressed people actually seem to think themselves a different race of mortals to those who possess the accidental advantages of fortune and rank.

“ This promises to be one of the severest winters we have experienced many years ; for though only the 15th of November, several of the rivers are already frozen. There are few things, my dear Frederiek, which will astonish you more upon your arrival at Petersburg, than our *markets*, where you will see immense piles of different animals, each completely frozen, enveloped in a case of ice. Animals which are killed towards the latter end of October, will keep perfectly untainted for *several months* ; and the most delicate veal we have is brought from *Archangel* in this state, a distance of near four hundred miles. As soon as animals, of all descriptions, are killed in this country,

they are placed in large tubs, made for the purpose, each divided from the other by a thick layer of snow, which freezing immediately, forms an incrustation round the food and by that means preserves it from putrefaction, and renders it as delicate as any you ever eat in England. The method of thawing food is to plunge it in *cold water* and letting it remain there for a certain period; but was any person injudiciously to heat that element, *instant putrefaction* would be the consequence. As I am on the subject of provisions, I must not avoid informing you that Captain Barclay, who has kindly offered to be the bearer of this letter, has this moment been jocosely accusing me of monopolizing half his ship by the quantity of *cavear*, which I have entreated him to present to my beloved mother, who I know was always partial to that delicacy. Cavear, my dear

cousin, is the rows of the sturgeon and the Beluga, two fish in high estimation, among the Russians ; and we have likewise cod and salmon in abundance. As all ignorant people are famed for superstition, the lower order in particular, have a high veneration for the Beluga, as upon opening many of them a glutinous kind of matter is discoverable, which upon being exposed to the air soon acquires consistency, and is called the Beluga stones, these stones are grated and administered in several kinds of disease ; though medical men laugh at the idea, and consider them as an *old woman's charm*.

“ As I wrote to my dear parents about a fortnight ago, I shall intreat you to offer my most affectionate regard ; for though I blush at assigning *business* as an excuse for the neglect of filial duty, yet every moment of my time is truly precious, and the slightest neglect

of these concerns, with which I am entrusted by Mr. Johnson, would be considered as an *unpardonable* fault. Though he is one of the best hearted men in the universe, yet in point of business, if I may be allowed the expression, he is a *strict disciplinarian*; and if myself, or any of the clerks were to be guilty of an *inattention*, he would treat it as an unpardonable offence; but from ~~this~~ scrupulous exactness our *firm* is allowed to be conducted with more circumspection than any other at Petersburg.

“ I must once more repeat, my dear Frederick, that I long for the arrival of that moment when I shall have an opportunity of personally evincing my friendship and regard. Kiss the three dear girls for me; tell Henry he possesses an ample portion of my heart; and intreat Miss Hazlemere to do me the favour of accepting the skin Capt. Barclay

will have the pleasure of presenting to her, as a trifling proof of my esteem and regard.

“Adieu, my dear fellow, and recollect that though you have lost a fortune, by *application* and *perseverance* it may, in a few years, be *doubled*; and that the wealth we derive from others, is not half as valuable as that which is acquired by our *own exertions*.

“George Rockingham.”

This gratifying epistle and the present which accompanied it, were personally delivered by Captain B—— who described George as a young man who to be known must be esteemed. In compliance with the pressing invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Rockingham, he remained their guest near a week; and during his visit he persuaded his hospitable entertainer to let Frederick become the companion of his next voyage,

which he represented as not likely to take place within nine or ten months. Three weeks however had not elapsed after the Captain's departure when a letter was delivered from that gentleman, assigning the most cogent reasons for his immediate return to Russia, and intreating Mr. Rockingham to place Frederick under his protection. A request likely to prove so beneficial to the young man, of course was not rejected; and Mrs. Rockingham, Matilda, Louisa, and Ellen were all busily employed in preparing his things. The children in the Charity Shool, were all gratified in having an opportunity of testifying their zeal in the service of their benefactress, and in the course of a *fortnight*, the young traveller's wardrobe was completed.

Though Frederick could not take leave of such *near* and *dear connexions*, without testifying the deepest regret;

yet the idea of revisiting his native country soon dissipated the dejection which hung upon his spirits ; and during the whole of the voyage he diligently applied every moment to perfect himself in the Russian language.

The meeting between the two cousins was equally gratifying to both parties ; Frederick might be said to be *laden* with *presents*, for all the children who derived so many advantages from Mr. Rockingham's benevolence, requested permission to send some little mark of respect to *Master George* ; and Matilda, Louisa, and Ellen, had been preparing for Frederick's expected departure several months. Matilda embroidered him an elegant letter-case accompanied with a sword knot ; Louisa sent him four beautiful drawings from the Sacred History of Tobit ; and Ellen presented him with two worked cravats and a very handsome purse. Henry's gift far

exceeded the others in value ; as he had for a length of time hoarded up all his pocket money, for the secret satisfaction of evincing the attachment he felt towards his brother, and had made a purchase of the most valuable editions of Pope's Translation of the Iliad and Odyssey ; and in the page which described the parting between Hector and Andromache, he inserted a paper containing the following appropriate lines ; as Captain B— had informed him a mutual affection had taken place between Miss Johnson and George.

Lines addressed to a Brother with a present of Homer's Iliad, and inserted between the parting of Hector and Andromache.

May you, my dear brother, be ne'er doom'd to feel,
Those pangs which the Grecian with *vulnerable heel**
Inflicted on Hector—the Hero of Troy,
And may your *Andromache*, know nought but joy;

* Alluding to the Mother of Achilles having plunged him, when an infant, in the River Styx; and rendered every part of his body invulnerable except the *heel* by which she held him.

And whoe'er she proves—may no sorrow or care
E'er fall to her lot—for in those *you* must share !
Though this *Hector's* a *pattern* for all martial men,
Magnanimous deeds give no *aid* to the *pen* ;
Or rather to those, who by *commerce* attain
The comforts of life—and a good fortune gain.
Yet do not suppose I mean that the line
You have chosen, should not with *true brilliancy*
shine ;—

For where will you find a class more respected
Than mercantile men ?—Or *more honour detected?*
I only intended, dear brother, to shew,
That *Hector*, could not be a *pattern* for *you*,
Unless as a husband—who lov'd not his life
Half so dear as the being, he claim'd as his wife.
May *your* life, my kind brother, with smoothness
long glide

On waters which scarcely admit of a tide ;
And instead of the sanguine and embattel'd fields
May domestic comforts be brighter than shields ;
Yet as we peruse fair Andromache's woes,
The pure tide of sympathy unbidden flows ;
We share in her sorrows, we feel all her pains,
And in the mind's eye—behold those domains*

* See Pope's *Iliad*, and the request made by Andromache.

“ That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy

"Where yon wild fig-tree joins the walls of Troy ;

"*Thou, from this tow'r, defend the important post.*" &c.

She wish'd that her Hector would solely protect,
 And the tow'r, near the fig-tree, not quit or neglect;
 But the pray'r of the hero still seems to arise,
 (As we read the description) quite pure to the skies,
 And parental tenderness beams forth as bright
 As the Cynthean Queen who presides o'er the
 night !

But enough, my dear George, of all heroes of old ;
 For what is so dull as a *story twice told* ?
 Yet twice, my good fellow, a truth I will tell,
 That few persons love you, so ardent and well ;
 And this love is establish'd on basis so sure,
 That till my life endeth my love will endure.

H. R.

Henry could not have fixed upon a present so truly acceptable, as the one he fortunately selected ; but it was rendered doubly valuable by the spontaneous effusions of affection which accompanied it ; and to each of George's intimate acquaintance was this proof of his brother's poetic talents exultingly displayed. Frederick from the moment of his arrival in the Russian Empire,

devoted the greater part of his time to the acquiring a perfect knowledge of mercantile affairs, yet contrived to allot a small portion of it to the improvement of his mind; and though, as a child, the habit of indolence appeared *unconquerable*, as a young man he was remarkable for *zeal* and *attention*.

The loss of fortune to that young man might justly be considered as a *blessing*, for had he known himself to be *independent*, the natural bias of his disposition would have checked all exertion; but from having been kept ignorant of that circumstance by the judicious conduct of his uncle, he became sensible that he had only his own abilities to depend upon for support. The failure of Mr. Mansel's schemes acted as a *beacon*, and prevented him from wishing to embrace any speculative plan that was proposed; and aided by the advice, and influenced by the example of his cousin, he became one of

the most respectable merchants in Petersburg.

Perfect happiness is seldom the lot of Human Beings; and Mr. and Mrs. Rockingham were fully sensible of the truth of this remark; for I grieve to say, that as Matilda arrived at years of maturity the unaimable traits in her character encreased, and instead of proving a comfort to them, she was a constant source of uneasiness. The unhappiness this imperious girl occasioned her parents was, however, greatly diminished by the daily instances of virtue and goodness in Henry and Louisa, and they likewise derived a secret satisfaction from observing a thousand amiable traits in Ellen and little William, whose grandfather dying about two years after his mother, intrusted him to the care of Mr. Rockingham.

FINIS.

